FIREFLY

PART I & II

PREFACE

This concerns you before you intend to read this booklet and even more so after you have read this page. This booklet is loaned to you for the following reasons:

I would like you to read it when you are alone and quiet.

Do not hurry. After you have done this and have formed an opinion, could you tell me if this kind of writing about these subjects might be useful to let it be read by certain persons who are on the periphery of an interest in ideas of Gurdjieff? If you know of any such person let me know please. I would like you to return this booklet to me with your comments within 2 weeks, if possible.

My suggestion to you, and you have to assure me that you will follow this honestly, is not to have anyone else's eyes see these pages and read them. Therefore you cannot leave it around. With other words, keep it in a safe place.

Moreover I would prefer you not to discuss it with others, only in case they also have read it.

I have a special aim with writing this. Therefore I can only share this with you under the above conditions. Corrections or editorial remarks are of course very welcome. This is Part One of some material I want to write. It forms an introduction to other parts in which I would like to describe more in detail about what Work is and its meaning. It will depend on the opinions received from reading Part One that I will know how to go further.

I have the intention of printing these pages in a suitable form and at a later date to distribute them in a very limited edition with all copies numbered.

FIREFLY

FIRST PART

W. A. Nyland

It is now as if I am talking to you. You sit opposite me in a chair and I can see you. Every once in a while I may close my eyes because I don't want to see you. Sometimes it will be as if we are driving a car, you driving or sometimes I driving and you sitting next to me and we both watch the road. Almost automatically we pass other cars, coming or going - there is not too much traffic to disturb us so that we can talk about things which interest us, formulate some thoughts about behavior, some philosophy, some thoughts about how we think, what we feel and why we do things. And we look at the truth as if it is a distant aim, hoping to get nearer to it and clearer and clearer.

And now we have stopped the car and we are away from the main traffic. We have stopped on what used to be the old road, but is now an abandoned playground or a campsite. We are now not disturbed in the least and can come to ourselves and we will have to look for a place to put up our tent because it is getting dark. But in this twilight, one of the loveliest periods of the day, we still can see, although not as clearly anymore, what surrounds us. However, as we sit quietly we become aware of something quite beautiful. There are fireflies, here and there, and as it were, all over the place. They appear and disappear or rather they light up and then it is dark again and I become involved in thinking about the meaning of this. Why do they light up and why is it so short? Long periods of darkness and suddenly light again but they are in a different place because they fly. Or rather they flit in and out of the darkness and I start wondering if a firefly wishes to light up and when it is alight if it then experiences a different state. Maybe it is illuminated itself and maybe it can see things which otherwise it doesn't see. And can a firefly light itself up on its own volition or is that state dependent on other things? And when it is alight and visible to us, does that light produce heat or is it simply cold light? I must say I don't know enough about such states and it keeps one wondering.

I sit in my room. There is a table and a few chairs. Some books in a bookcase against the wall. I sit in one of the chairs and I face the window. Outside the window are a few trees in a garden but my interest is not in the trees or the garden or for that matter in my room. My interest is on myself or perhaps in myself. It is now as if my attention is drawn away from the window and the table and the other chairs. I have acknowledged, as it were, their existence and let it go at that. I now come back to myself and the fact that I am sitting. I cannot see myself sit, that is, with my own eyes I cannot get an image of myself on the retina of my eyes and still I say "I see

myself." I must mean by that that I am, as it were, outside of myself and looking at myself, as if my eye is outside of my body, as if I am someone else who looks at me. But whatever the process is that I seem to experience I come to the conclusion that I exist and I become aware of the fact that I sit in a chair.

It is not so often that I want to think about life, or my life really, or to ask myself questions of why we are here. But sometimes, even when I don't want to, life or rather the experience of my life will force me to think about the reason for things and my connection with them. Even if I like it or not I will have to face at times decisions or acceptances or yielding to forces greater than I, and sometimes in disgust and vehemence - it depends of course on how life treats me, as the saying goes. If it treats me well I have really nothing to say or rather I accept it without questioning and although I sometimes feel grateful and, dependent on the way I was brought up, I may even be thankful, I very soon will forget it, I will even come to expect it, as if I am entitled to it. And really there is no reason why life should treat me well or not well. The point that I have to realize is that it treats me, in some way or other. In other words I find myself in life and that's all there is to it. I will accept it or not accept it but there it is and there it remains. It is very questionable if I had anything to do with it. My father and mother, yes, but that part of me which didn't come from them, how will I know what it is that makes me wish to live or at times not wish to live at all?

I have to assume that there are important moments in my life, some perhaps more important than others. Surely they are, these moments, not all of equal value. If I believe that my life has a meaning, that is, that there is a reason why I was born, and also why I will die, it must be connected with when I was born and where. So naturally one important moment is the moment of my birth, or perhaps the moment of my conception. Another important moment would be when I die, another when my first child would be born, or when I go to live in a new country or when I meet my wife or husband for the first time. I speak in my moments of memory, of moments I do not and will not or cannot forget. They are, as it were, indelibly engraved in my memory and when I remember them they seem more important than many others. Perhaps they have been engraved too deeply to forget them, although that by itself would not mean that I can remember them. Not only were they so strong and forceful that they left a

deep impression, but I myself also must have been in a peculiar state of reception, a state in which it was possible for me to retain this impression in such a way that it would last.

When I speak about impressions I mean that certain influences from outside reach me or that certain combinations of thoughts or feelings make me draw conclusions based on influences I have received before. The influences I receive from the outside are transmitted to me and received by me in special organs or apparatuses. I call them sense organs and they are usually classified as functions producing seeing, hearing, the sense of touch, taste and smell. As a child I will take these impressions in as such and will not have any associations connected with them. They are recorded in parts of my brain as images or configurations of some kind and, at first, I will have no name for them. When I see or hear or sense any of the objects outside of me for the second or third time, I will begin to place them or classify them and, later on, I will have a name for them because someone else has told me about that name, or I give them my own name. I believe that giving things or objects a name so that I can classify them, pigeonhole them or recognize them is in itself not bad. It becomes bad when I associate feelings with them.

I believe I have to understand myself first. I have to know something about myself and my functions and I have to learn gradually what it is that I call my life and my life's experiences. It does not give me any difficulty as long as I can reduce these functions to their simplest form. I discover that I have a body, and this body is subject to the influences which reach me through my five sense organs. I know something about my blood, about tensions in my muscles, about getting tired and having to sleep, about getting hungry and having to eat. The apparatus with which I know all this I call my mind or my thinking apparatus. Apparently this mind has a variety of functions. Not only that it receives and records influences from outside which leave an image or record in my brain, but my mind has also the ability to remember, that is, to bring forward to my consciousness the facts which have been recorded before and treat them as if they are reality now. That is, they come to my notice again as if they happen again in the same way as they were recorded before, only there is at this time no outside object.

If I am in front of a mirror I see myself. I lift my arm and the image of myself in the mirror lifts its arm. If I go away from the mirror the image also recedes from the mirror and appears

further and further back from the mirror. I know that the image is not really me; nevertheless it can only exist because of me. If I go away, my image disappears but I myself, that is my body, remains. But if I close my eyes in front of the mirror I must assume that the image remains although I do not see it.

Now if I take a lighted candle and place it in front of the mirror, and I look in the mirror I can, from certain places in front of the mirror, see the image of the candle and also the candle itself. When I move the candle the image also moves, and in general, whatever happens to the candle will also happen to the image. For all practical purposes of seeing at a distance, that is, not trying to touch the image, the candle and its image are the same.

If I try to touch either the image or the object it is different. I cannot touch the image.

There is a difference between something as an object which I see and which I can touch and the reflected object as I see it with my mind's eye or recall it with my memory. If I replace the mirror with a lens I can focus the rays of the sun through the lens on an inflammable object and burn it. In this case there is also an image of the sun but it has become tangible. We call it a real image as compared to a virtual image produced by a mirror. It is the same with a camera: the image of the objects which I want to photograph is formed by a lens and recorded as it were on the sensitive film in the camera, and these rays of light have produced a chemical change in the film so that, with proper development, I can obtain an exact replica of the object. My eyes work in the same way, that is, receiving light rays from the objects outside of me, forming an image in my mind by impressing it and recording such impressions as if my mind is a photographic plate or a tape recorder. By means of my memory I can produce the pictures or have a playback of the tape of that which was recorded.

Now the question remains: what is reality and are there different degrees of reality? Of course I know when I say that some things are more real than other things. In general reality has to do with substance and perhaps it is correct to say that the more substance the object has the more real it is. And thereby a thing which is imaginary has no substance at all. I must realize however that substance, that is, what I call physical existence, is also relative and there is no reason to assume that things which are lighter than feathers have no more substance. In general we measure substance by weight or by mass, and the relation between the mass and its volume, that is, how much space it occupies is defined in terms of density. Sometimes I call substances which have less and less density or compactness and more and more lightness, more or less,

ethereal. It is a reality but I cannot measure it in ordinary terms.

Now it becomes a question of definition: What do I consider higher or what do I give more value to - something of a fine quality as compared to substances of a cruder or grosser quality? I have to realize that everything has its place and that there are differences of level. It also means that images, particularly the real images, have a quality which is not possessed by the object they represent and therefore could be considered on a different level of existence. At the same time in order to become aware of an entity of light density the instrument with which I become aware also has to be of the same quality. I cannot repair a watch with a sledge hammer. In order to see things of a higher nature I have to have an instrument which is adjusted to that higher quality.

There are certain functions of myself which I can classify very clearly as either physical or emotional or mental. These functions originate in certain parts of my personality and there is nothing in my experience of life which doesn't take place in one or another of those three parts or in two or three parts at the same time. I realize that these parts are connected in their functioning: that means that, although I may receive an impression in one of these parts, the others will be drawn into it in some form or other. The name we use to indicate these parts is centers. It is perhaps not such a good word because it is only with mental processes that I could say that they are centers, that is, located in the head. I would like to believe that my feeling processes are centered in my heart, but I doubt it. And as far as considering my physical body a center, it would require more imagination than I possess. Nevertheless the word center will have to do. Sometimes these centers are called brains, which is also a strange concept to apply to a physical body, for instance. But it is difficult to find the right word.

The difficulty in the use of words is that the same word can be used for different concepts. Webster always specifies with examples how and in what connection words are used. Besides giving the derivation from certain roots, the use of the word is illustrated in different relationships. Take, for instance, the word center. It is used in mathematics as the center or central point of a circle. For a long time the earth was considered the center of the universe until the concept changed to a heliocentric system, that is, when the sun became considered as the center of our solar system. A person can be the center of attraction. We speak of a railroad center. In political parties we sometimes speak of the center party, and in general when the concept is not centered in one point we would consider it as a group where the different components have the same function. So a center is either a point or a grouping of analogous

entities. It is difficult to consider the centers of our personality as having such sharp differences of demarcation and, when I come down to it, I find that all cells of the physical body belong to my physical center. And this would include also the cells which make up my mind and heart or make up my solar plexus, or any kind of so-called organs.

I have to come to the conclusion that all my activities are carried out or assigned to different cells or groups of cells, and that the classification of three centers is sometimes particularly at the borderline, a little fragmentary and not clear.

With my physical center, that is, the combination of such cells which form my body, it is a little easier to see what is meant by a center as a group of cells because the different forms of my physical behavior can become real to me, in most cases, under the scrutiny of my senses. There are outside manifestations of this behavior which I can be aware of and which can also be observed by others and recorded in a similar way as by myself. These outside manifestations are, for instance, my movements, my postures, my gestures, my facial expressions and my tone of voice. The inside manifestations are not as observable by outsiders but I myself could become aware of them. In this group I would classify my breathing, my blood circulation, the tensions in my body muscles and things of that kind including my nervous system. I am in contact with the outside world through my senses, and the energy received through those means is carried to my brain and, after classification, used to feed the necessary organs or cells.

There are three forms of food which I can take in in different ways. But why should I now talk about foods of different kinds? It is that I realize, in thinking about my physical body and my physical behavior, I talk about a very complicated instrument which has to be maintained. I usually accept it the way it is when my body is healthy, without any thought. When I am sick I expect a doctor to cure me. But psychologically I do not know when I am sick or well and usually, when something is wrong, I ascribe it first to the food I ate or lack of sleep or overtiredness. But when I come down to it, that is, when I really start to think seriously about it, I must come to the conclusion that I know very little about my body and that I depend most of the time on someone else in whom I have confidence or who is supposed to know. And very often they don't know it either and just guess and hope for the best.

I do not know how often my life is guided by very small things. It is like a small quantity

of snow can set off an avalanche. It is like water coming down from a hillside and there is a little stone or a piece of wood and the water flows to the right instead of to the left. For this same reason we often say that life hangs by a silk thread. When I drive a car I miss hitting someone else many times by a hair's breadth. Someone makes a chance remark in a conversation and something is touched in me. Just at that time I happen to be in a certain state and the remark, maybe only a few words, and maybe not even addressed to me at all, causes in me a reaction of some kind, and I become affected by it and perhaps it starts me off in a different direction, of life. Why is it that I am so often like a ship without a rudder? Is it really that bad? There is a certain time in life where I start questioning events. Why do they happen and why do they happen to me in the way they do and not to others? Or, why do they happen to others and not to me? And what is in general the meaning of such happenings?

Up to a certain point in the development of my life, that is, my thinking and feeling, I am quite satisfied with leaving things alone or to make my own adjustments, or to value them or not value them with the least expense to me. I will accept conditions of my life with reluctance and I will start, at a certain point in my life, to question the validity or the reasonableness of influences to which I am subject. Are these events which I experience all necessary, and should they always affect me in a certain way and create in me a reaction which is always the same? Is it my nature? Is it the way I am constituted, is it the way my parents were? Is it because of my special economic conditions in life? And granting all that, is there a possible escape? In other words, what is there for me to do regarding this?

I can leave it all in God's hands, some friend will say. But what do they know about God and what would they know about my God or that what I would want to call my God? And what would they know about the relationship between Him and me? And what do they know about me when I, at such times, do not know what I am myself and even will question God's existence?

And so, what will happen if I deny Him, or deny His existence? I catch myself writing capital letters for Him and His, the same way as I would write God with a capital G. All this may be conditioning, the way I was brought up, or perhaps I am trying to be on the right side, that is, His side, in case some calamity would befall me. And even about that I am not sure. I have no proof of anything and what I say or feel about religion is due a great deal to what I was exposed when young, when I passed through my very much impressionable age. Maybe if I

could believe in His existence I would have more peace of mind or of my heart. And why would I want that peace?

And after all, who am I? Here I sit in this room, at a desk, on a chair and I write. It is a room of an apartment in the city of New York, somewhere in the big city, more or less excluded from noise and bustle. But the city is small compared to the state, so many square miles, north, south, east, and west and, as I start to think about this, I myself am getting smaller and I experience having less significance. But then, after all, the state is only a small part of the country as a whole and that is a fairly small part of the continent, the Western Hemisphere.

Then seen from that standpoint I become more and more like a speck of dust. Still then, thinking further about the world as a whole, as a sphere or a globe, my apartment has less significance. And nevertheless I have a capacity to think about it even if I cannot visualize it. When I use a microscope or a telescope I bring these things closer to me and I change this relationship and magnitude. I believe then that I can see things as they are but I know that my eyes cannot see a molecule or an atom. And so, in getting smaller in relation to the growing world of my imagination or fantasy, I must end up as a point, practically nothing. Even in relation to the solar system of which our Earth is a part, I practically do not exist and, regarding all solar systems - or our Milky Way or all milky ways - and then what is beyond that, and which I call the Universe of the Sun Absolute, it is entirely outside my scope - even the scope of my thoughts.

I have to realize that I am limited, even with my imagination soaring above church towers however high their steeples may be. And that, not only my mind is limited by its capacity, but also my feelings, vague as they are, can only go so far and then I reach Infinity. By definition almost, the point at which Infinity is reached is when finiteness ends. If I would define God as Infinity I can only recognize Him, that is, become aware of Him, when and where my finiteness stops. Or if I want to experience Infinity I have to find something in myself which is Infinite. Something overwhelms me, or I say it is beyond words, or it leaves me breathless. Maybe with such statements, if they are true experiences, I reach something out of this world.

I don't think I can reach such experiences with my mind. It is possible I can reach them or at least have an inkling of them with my heart. But even such feelings can be of very little use to me in my ordinary life. And it is in this ordinary life that my well-meaning friends tell me to trust God. Perhaps I can trust that in which I can believe but it can never be myself. That which

is of myself I can know or I can feel or I can sense. That what is outside myself I can believe in, believe in its existence and therefore be influenced by it.

How far then do I extend? I realize there is a limit to my physical body and when I want to extend it, I stand on my toes and I lift up my arms or open them wide. And that is as far as I can go. Emotionally, I can go beyond words, intellectually I can have an imagination; as a combination of both I can have an intuition but it is not the certainty of experience. But, what is the experience of ecstasy or of bliss or of deep aspiration? How do I really know of such things even, if I cannot reproduce them at will?

Or can I? Can I find a way? It is this search which can make my life full or miserable; it can lead me to deeper insight and understanding or despair.

And I cannot be interested in trying to find a way unless it is first a way out of the place where I live or the condition I am in.

Seen from this standpoint, it doesn't matter anymore what I do in my daily life, my profession and how I earn my living. I am sure I would not change my psychological view of life by changing my conditions of work, although I would have to admit that certain ways of earning a living are more attractive than others.

When we are young, we have the intention of making something of our life. When we are older, we sometimes wish we had another life to live. Between these two poles, is a land of opportunity, but we do not always see it. More often than not, we don't see it at all. Only in our, as we say, good moments, we realize that there is obviously something wrong but we do not know what it is. And usually this simple statement satisfies us, or rather we are not satisfied, but it does not bother us enough to try to do something about it and we do not lose any sleep over it.

Why is this? We start out with good intentions. <u>OUR</u> life - we will live <u>our</u> life, not someone else's. We will live according to some rules imposed upon us by society, that is, the surroundings in which we live and in which we have been brought up, but our parents - they don't understand. Our friends, perhaps. Our nearest family? They really do not know any more than we do. Someone in history? Yes, if we only knew how he was, how he really lived, how he was in his own home or in his own room by himself. Perhaps we can find out and so we start reading philosophy, science, art - we do as we think our hero did and at some point we give up. After all, we have our <u>own</u> life to live. We don't want to imitate.

And we live our own life day after day. We have a profession, or we are interested in some work or other, we get tired and we sleep and rest. We face a new day, each day, every day of the year; summer, winter, and another year goes by. At what point do we become dissatisfied? Or perhaps we are not dissatisfied. We are quite happy in what we do. There are no questions. We make some money, we have friends we are married and we have children, we have a house in the country and we have a car, radio, television. We have some problems within our family, with the children's education, with some uncle or grandmother and at the office, but such is life. It is not always easy and we really do not always want it to be easy. We are a little afraid of not having troubles. We are a little suspicious. We cannot always be so happy and contented. It would be too good to be true, too good to last and we expect that sooner or later there will be a rainy day. So we prepare for it. We save some money, we take out insurance. When we travel, we might have an accident so we insure against that. We may have a fire. We don't travel by airplane because we may get killed and we have a little fear for the time when we really get old, decrepit, hard of hearing and the time when we cannot work anymore. And that would be a pity.

Once in awhile we look back. We sit quietly and we take stock. We have done this or that, we have given to charity, we have gone to church, and the children have had an education. Look, that family of mine, how they have grown up and how wonderful they are. And we are the parents, and we have friends, and we can depend on so and so.

Perhaps sometimes we feel alone. We have no appetite. We have no particular interest. We can always read a new book, we can go to the theater, we can listen to music, we can drive out West because we have never seen the Grand Canyon or we can go to Europe. And still we are alone.

And then what? We can try to read that passage again of Emerson or Eddington or we remember that trip we took several years ago and how beautiful it was. Or we fill the house with guests and we have dinner together with old friends and we reminisce for you see we had a mother and we took care of her until she died and only a few friends know this. So when the conversation comes to that point, we are pleased because at least for once in our lives we were wonderful. And for a little while we forget we are alone. Tomorrow is another day and then we will do this and that. So here is our life. May we live long and be happy even if once in awhile we get drunk and then afterwards fall asleep.

When all is said and done, we have to admit that we are a little provincial. We know our

own locality and we get some weather reports. And when it rains we stay at home. We don't want to get wet. Some things we do because we have to, but we have adjusted our life to days of sunshine and not of sorrow. When bad days come, what then? There are many things we know, but yet we do not feel at home in the world. We seek protection from bad weather, we do not want to meet our enemies. We want to exclude disagreeable thoughts and feelings. Do we dare to be alone when those moments come? Even if we do not wish them, can we meet them? How alone do we dare to be?

All this is necessary to describe a state. A state of disappointment because we know values, a state of suspicion because things are not always what they appear to be, a state of curiosity because there is more to life than we think and a state of hope that someday, somewhere and somehow we will be able to see. It is this hope that keeps us going, this absurd belief that it will be different tomorrow because we will change. Tomorrow we will face that situation differently. Let's now think about how we should behave - and then he will say this and I will say that and there will be a better understanding because I will be a different man. But how can we, with all our conditionings, our reactions, our lifelong habits, our free will, how can we be different? What is there that can give us a new lease on life?

Between the two points of living our life and the wish that we would like to live our life again, there should be some realization, some decision which gives us a new lease from where we will choose one way or another.

It is of this point that we now want to speak. Sometimes it is impossible to trace its origin. It may come suddenly out of a blue sky like it happened to St. Paul on the road to Damascus. And sometimes it is a series of moments, first faint, and gradually increasing in strength and conviction. But after such a period, we know we have come face to face with something real, one of the things we will never forget. If only we could analyze the factors which brought this event about, that what influenced it happening to us, then we could repeat it at will. But we are lost again after this flash, after this sudden recognition and all we can do is remember it. These moments or this one moment is, however, important in our life. Not only that we will not forget and that we wish it again but it has given us new hope for a new way of life. And from then on, we really seek in earnest.

We generally come to the conclusion that such a moment was purely accidental and still there is something in us which likes to believe that we at least recognized it. It is as if for that

one moment something in us came to the surface, perhaps came up for air and then, after receiving what it needed, it went inside again. It is perhaps the first realization that we have something more than we appear to have, something which we call, for lack of a better word, our essence.

We try to reconstruct the events leading up to this, they were quite ordinary, at least nothing unusual. It was a nice, sunny day and you have decided to take some time off and take a walk. You are alone because this day, you think, you will be quite happy all by yourself.

The path is familiar to you, it runs through a pasture, then some woods and an open clearing and then woods again, and from there it goes uphill quite some way. But something makes you decide at a fork in the road to go right and not left and now it is no longer familiar. This is the first time you have been there and you are quite a ways from home but you are not tired and not hungry and, moreover, you have some sandwiches with you and a thermos bottle with coffee. So you keep on walking through the woods some more and finally you reach the top of the hill which turns out to be a ridge and stretches out to the left and right for some distance. Then the path narrows and it is overgrown but you clear the brush away and all of a sudden there is a small pond surrounded by bushes and trees and rocks. Not a soul is there, no human being, just a few insects and here and there some frogs. But otherwise it is absolutely quiet, not a ripple on the clear water, no breeze, no wind, and you stand still and wait. Then you hear a bird sing, clear like crystal, the simple melody of a thrush. For a moment you forget everything about yourself, you don't move, you just listen and tears come to your eyes because of this serenity.

Or you are home. You have just finished writing a few letters and there is still some time left before you have to go out. There is a book which someone recommended to you to read. You have borrowed it and there it is on your desk. You settle down in a chair and open the book at random just to get an impression of it. You never heard of the author but that doesn't matter. You read half a page and put the book down and you close your eyes. And suddenly you see yourself in that chair, in the room, in the house, in the street in the city, in the state, in the country, on the continent, on earth in space, in the universe and you don't know why you think this.

Or you are going out that evening, to a concert, to some good music, some Brahms or

Wagner maybe or Cesar Franck. You are dressed well and there are many people in the concert hall, some friends you know, you shake hands. You say some amiable words, you find your place, you sit down, look around a little and the lights dim and you wait. Then quiet, no more noise, and then one note, the low A of a cello and a cold shiver runs down your back. Why?

Or you are in a hospital and you are waiting and restless, because an hour or so ago you took your wife there and you had to hurry because she is expecting a baby and you will become a father. You are nervous. Everything is all right, as well as can be expected, the doctor says. Sometimes it takes long, sometimes a little difficult; but it will be all right.

And still you are nervous. There are some other people but you really do not care. What do they know about you because you have your own troubles and you are restless? You talk to yourself, you walk up and down, you listen in front of the door through which they have taken your wife. You saw her go in and that was the last you knew. Then, as you listen again, a little cry - faint enough, but you heard it. Such joy, such relief.

Or you are young and you are home. Your father is sick. He has been ill for some time and it has gone up and down. The doctor says that he is a strong man, he will be able to stand it. The crisis is not past yet but there is hope, always hope. And you believe him. There is an evening, however, when your father is more restless than before and he is anxious to say something to all of the children. He has not so much strength to talk much, but not all the children are home. One or two have gone out to visit somewhere and you have gone to fetch them. And finally everybody is there and your father can say what is on his heart. Not that he is afraid he might die, but he just wants to say something important. It does not matter how important it is. He has to say it and then he is relieved and he can sleep. But in the middle of the night, he wakes up again and he cannot sleep anymore. You are with him, so is your mother and the sisters and brothers and nothing can be done to help him. He suffers a great deal and his breathing is hard and becomes more difficult. You cannot stand this, you go to the next room but the door remains open. You go in again to see if you can help and then out again and you do this several times. You see him, you hear him all the time. And then suddenly - quiet, and it seems as if you die with him.

Or you have a talk with a friend of yours. He is a good friend and you had many conversations with him. You have seen a great deal of each other in the last years and, as a matter of fact, you have studied with him because he is in your class and you go to the same lectures. So naturally you think you understand him and you could swear he understands you because even if you disagree, you can make allowances. Then one day, you tell him something that is quite close to your heart, something intimate that you cannot really put into words yourself but you try and you struggle to explain it and it is difficult because it is so much part of you. But he looks at you for some time and then what he says shows he has missed the point entirely. And you feel ashamed. Such a fool you are.

Or it is moonlight, full moon and you are in the tropics and no moon can be more beautiful than there. You just want to go out for a little stroll and one of the guests who is also staying at your friend's house wants to go with you. It is a country road leading somewhere to a plantation, white sand and beautifully lit up by the moonlight. It is a tropically quiet night with a monotonous, continuous shrill sound of crickets. But that doesn't disturb you because you get used to it. However, you came to this country just a few days ago and everything is new and you are impressed. And then in walking quietly you talk and you argue a little and you become wrapped up in your conversation. All of a sudden in the middle of the road is a snake, coiled up, a cobra, his head sticking up and just a few feet away. You didn't see him until just that moment and, in a full realization of the danger, you jump off to the side of the road into the ditch and you swear. And the sweat breaks out on you. Such horror.

Or it is winter now and it has snowed all day and all night. And when you wake up the snow is five feet high. You have to dig yourself out of the house and you have to get milk from the next farmhouse a mile away. And it is necessary because there is no more milk in the house and you need it for your little baby. So you go out hopefully, "I will be back soon," you say and you go down the hill and up the road. You have to lift each leg and it tires you out. You can go twenty steps and you must rest. The snow comes up to your middle almost because it is all soft and you sink in. You should have had snowshoes but when you haven't had such experiences, you do not know what you need. So you go ahead anyhow and you go ahead another twenty steps and another. And then comes a point where you are really tired out and you cannot go any further. And still you must because the baby needs the milk. You cannot sit down, you cannot

rest because it is too cold and you must go on. And you are exhausted. Your brain doesn't seem to work anymore, perhaps it is numb like your hands, you seem to lose interest. Maybe you lose your grip on life, it has no more meaning. Just let me sit here and die, it doesn't matter. And still you go on. It takes you two hours before you come home again. Just a mile or even less.

Or ... but why go on with this? These experiences are our moments of our lives. They can be multiplied by all of us. We all remember them similar to those described and they are important for two reasons. One is that they are entirely our own and the other is that somehow or other they have shown us to ourselves. These are the moments where there seemed to be two of us, a split of some kind in our consciousness, one part observer and the other part observed.

These experiences were shocks. They came about quite automatically. There was nothing in them of our own that we had willed them, but they just happened. And when they came, all of ourselves seemed to take part, not only our thoughts or our feelings but all of our body, all of what we have. We could not try to live them again because they happened independently of ourselves. In all of them, however, it is as if something hits us and at that moment, a new something appears, just for a moment and then, again it is gone and only memory remains. Of one thing we are sure - it is decidedly not intellectual and still it is a realization which has registered also in our brain because it is clear, it is sharply defined, we can describe it in great detail, it is not vague like some emotions are vague.

With my brain I am now trying to put into words something impossible. I talk and write about experiences and it is only possible to know about these experiences when one has had similar ones oneself. They cannot be described in such terms that someone else can, through this description, experience them also. There are limits to our imagination as well as to our brains. In one of his later books, Sir James Jeans comes to the conclusion that at a certain point in trying to understand philosophy or in trying to explain the phenomena of nature, the human brain cannot distinguish between the relative validity of the wave theory and the particle theory of electricity. Both may be right, although sometimes one is right and the other wrong and sometimes the reverse is the case. And from there it would be one more step in the brains of Jeans to conclude that unless the brain can change or acquires a different function or a new faculty, it will never understand more. But how could the limited brain of Jeans come to this

more universal or more inclusive conclusion? And the same happens to Eddington, to Carrel, to others.

And so we arrive at this problem - how can we, with our limited brain and our limited feelings arrive at a fuller understanding of two worlds, one of which is entirely part of us and the other which we know to exist only in moments of great stress or joy?

I have now come to a very important moment in my life and I look back and take stock. But what do I mean really by taking stock? It is like calling myself to account and I am the judge and the accused and the jury, all in one. I try to valuate my experiences as far as I can remember them and as far as I can be just about them. I should have no prejudice and no rationalization. With other words, I want to discern the truth about myself, and of course this implies truth in general. What is truth for me as well as for others. And I cannot expect, reasonably, that accidental happenings in which I have come to a realization of truth for me will happen more frequently even if I wish them. Apparently, they have nothing to do with my wish. I cannot command them because they are not under my jurisdiction. They are governed, if they are, by laws and rules about which I have no knowledge. So apparently, I have to start doing something, I cannot just sit, I have no alternative. Even if I crawl it will be better than sitting and dreaming.

It is said that there are four ways to truth. One is the road of Science, one of Art, one of Philosophy and one is the road of Religion. Truth is like at the center of a cross, at the crossroads, as it were, and each of the four roads leads to it. The closer the roads come together at the center, the more alike they become until finally, at the crossing point, they become one.

But what do we really know about these four roads and what do we know about their differences so that, when we can distinguish between them, we may finally, at the end of the road, say in what respect they are alike?

In general we know that science and philosophy have primarily something to do with our thinking and that art and religion belong more or less to our feelings. But most of the time we have an eating, drinking and sleeping life, and a few hours are left over for pursuits on any one of the four mentioned roads. And if that were all the time we spent, we would not easily get to the truth.

It is perhaps not a question so much to get to the center, to truth itself, and even if we did,

we might not know that we had arrived. We like to think that we are on one of the roads and pointing towards the truth. It is difficult to know how much progress we make. It seems to go by spurts. For some periods of our life, we are quite interested about this. We work day and night, as it were, we read it and talk it and live it. And sometimes we get a little closer to understanding and it makes us happy. At other times, we have lost interest, sometimes for years, and nothing special happens to make us remember. Or maybe we try a different road; maybe we switch from philosophy to religion or from science to philosophy. Or we try to combine the interest of different directions and we try to find in how far science and religion can go together and where investigations of one oppose the dogma of the other. Sometimes we have to believe in hearsay; we have to assume that it is true that Newton, who was what was called a religious man, could believe in the compatibility of religion and science and on the other hand, we know of the constant battles of the mind and otherwise during the Middle Ages and even at the present time.

The search of science is very much like hunting for a treasure. You have a hunch that there is a treasure somewhere, something desirable and you start out looking for it. You are not immediately concerned with the question of what to do with it when you have found this treasure. It may be that it is very valuable, that it can be used for many things, that you can make a great deal of money after you have found it - you could sell it, you could apply it, you might get royalties on it for life. But all this we are not now considering because you are a "pure" scientist, not an "applied" one. The pure scientist hunts for the fun of it. He is impelled to do so but he enjoys it.

At least in the beginning it is fun because everything is new and there are lots of ideas. You have a great deal of energy and nothing is too much. So you work. So do all scientists start to work when they are young. They are after a discovery in their own field. Maybe the motive is to distinguish themselves and reap admiration from their colleagues. Perhaps it adds to their glory to have their articles or their books published, to appear before large audiences and discuss the latest in science and the contributions to it by the humble speaker.

But we will assume that the pure scientist is free from this vanity. He does not seek himself, he is searching for the relation of things, for their values, for a better understanding or for a more inclusive theory. He wants to establish a law based on observation and then test the validity of such a law to see if it fits all cases. It is at first a working hypothesis, it answers many

questions as of that day, and even if there are a few which do not exactly seem to correspond, it is a hypothesis which can be made to work. But at any time a new set of ideas comes to light, the hypothesis has to be changed because it is not as yet a fundamental law. These new facts are really a disappointment although you must look at them as a new discovery and you cannot neglect them. You may not believe in them at first, but since the rules are given of how to arrive at the same facts, you start to find out for yourself if these facts are really so. You find out that they are and the interpretation seems probable and plausible. And you have to change your mind.

This is the first thing you have to learn when you become a scientist: integrity. When all the facts are in and there is only one conclusion to be drawn, you have to agree, regardless of what you have thought or advocated before. And in the end you welcome this advance, when you once become convinced.

But what is necessary to become convinced? It is more than an open mind that is needed and more than plain honesty. The second step to learn is objectivity. You should be free from prejudices, you should be able to judge facts as they are, not as you would wish them to be. And this is very difficult.

You have theories about how this or that has come about. You have discovered various things, new things, new combinations, new laws or rules. When this is added to that under these circumstances then ... and you can predict what will happen. And many days it does happen exactly as you have predicted. And then one day it doesn't. There is nothing wrong with it, all conditions were the same, your starting point, the time, your calculations, and still the result is different. You don't believe it. You must have made a mistake and so you do it again, very careful this time, checking all conditions you know, all the steps you must take, as accurately as you can. And again, the result is different from what you expect and what you wished. Because you have wished that the result would conform more and more to the foundations upon which your theory was built, you are disappointed. You start to doubt yourself and again you double your efforts. Was it luck in the beginning which led you on, or chance, or a temporary insight? You do not know. All you know is that the result is 99 and it should have been 100.

No personal interpretation will enable you to change 99 to 100. And then what will you do?

At first you fight. You were happy with your theory and now you cannot believe in it any

longer. It was part of you and now you have to give it up. This hurts and you object and you start looking for a compromise.

Are all scientists this way? Are they honest with themselves and do they remain honest when pressure is brought to bear on them? This conviction that things must be so and cannot be otherwise, regardless of what other people say, regardless of what they do to you, your colleagues, your friends, your superiors. Have you the strength of your conviction, of your own experience? This is what science can teach us in its search for truth, this determination not to let go. But only after one is convinced that one has integrity and objectivity so that one is willing to die for one's convictions.

This has been the road of science during the past centuries. Scientists have died for their beliefs, their ideas were attacked, torn down, erased and then again they came again with new force.

And the result has been growth and progress and better understanding. But, here again is the great difficulty and the sad result - we have taken these accomplishments of science and appropriated them as our own. We have done as if we had fought for them. We have taken these results as a matter of course. We say they are our own because they are available to us, but we have not worked for them. Someone else worked and perhaps died for them and the only progress that counts is for the man who has worked.

There is of course a great difference between civilizations, either historically in time of development or geographically, at the present time. We have what is called cultural inheritance. Compared to what we were several centuries ago or compared to what we know about so-called primitive or savage societies, we have gone a long way. We may not have developed in all directions of possible human development. We may be a little lopsided, that is, we may have gone faster in industrial development than in a sociological direction, but we have nevertheless grown and no one will deny it. We point to bathtubs, to subways and telephones, cars and television. And we are very proud of such achievements.

The calamity for the human race consists in this, that all this progress becomes our property without payment. This is our inheritance of culture and we do not even pay an inheritance tax. We accept it as a matter of course and we call it our birthright. And because we belong to the human race and we are not animals, we can accept it as results without having to start over and over again with each new generation. And that is the reason we can keep on building, as a race,

and we can progress.

We live as in air. The inheritance is free, like air, and we keep on breathing this culture, using it, digesting it. And there is nothing wrong with it as long as we want to remain human beings, just human beings, eating, drinking and sleeping. This is what the results of science have brought us, this is all and nothing else. And as long as this satisfies us we can be gratified.

The road of Art differs from the road of Science. We leave a field which is predominantly intellectual and we substitute our feelings in its place. But this is the only difference. In science we consider things outside of ourselves and we measure and weigh and relate. In art there is something inside of us which needs expression. Sometimes we say it cries in us for expression. If we couldn't express it, this feeling in us, we would die. Yes, perhaps we might die.

These feelings of art are again twofold - we are affected by art, as we say, or we have in ourselves, as we say, the urge for creation.

Perhaps these two feelings go hand in hand. Perhaps to the extent that we can express something we have also a feeling for it. Or perhaps to the extent that we are impressed by some example of art, we feel that we could also express it. Or that we would be able to create something if only we had time, opportunity, leisure, money or whatever might be the excuse. When we are young we have a possibility of art expression, all of us. And then, somehow, it gets lost. We can draw, we can make a little music, we can act, we can make some statues out of clay and we can write poems. But then something happens. We become educated. First we lose the faculty of being objective about ourselves. Instead of saying that John or Mary can do this, we start saying, "I can do this" or "I cannot do this." And after this, education takes hold very quickly and we feel that we can learn, that we can draw, or that we can act. It is no longer that something draws through us or that it acts in us. And with this, as we start to acquire more and more things we can do or learn, somehow we have no more time to draw or to paint or to make music or to write.

From an active performer, we have become a passive onlooker, a being who appreciates but does not do any longer. We have fallen into a category of art lovers and at any time in later years we like to mention this, that we do not make or play music but we love to hear it. We go to the theatre because we want to see Hamlet very much. We go to exhibitions because we understand Brancusi so well. And how we are flattered to be able to read aloud to some friends

who want to listen to our melodious voice, with such depth and with such expression.

We admit to ourselves that we have gone a long way from the childish pictures we drew and our own poems; we are a little ashamed of them. And still such attempts were better than our passive enjoyment in later years, when we are so-called grown up.

But suppose for a moment that we are artistic. I mean that we can find an expression in some form for certain feelings we have, that we have our art, that we have a craft or that we are artisans, an honest workman, and that we can make and create things. We have worked a long time to acquire a technique, a special style or, as we say, originality.

Let's say we are a great musician and we play. On how far are we dependent on moods of others? What do we do with Beethoven or Bach or the Moderns? At best, and we will assume that people pay money to hear us and that we have a name; at best, we play again and again what some other person has felt before and written down, and we become interpreters of such feelings. Moreover, we seem to need an audience. Even if we have been alone, practicing perhaps, and it has gone very well, we like to talk about it to our friends: "Oh, if only you could have heard me play this morning!" We need this stimulus from the time we borrow. We use someone else's life and we make it our own; at best we are imitators. It is the same with acting, hundred times in succession each evening and matinees, the same thing. And we repeat until it is a habit, until we play Hamlet as Hamlet never was, trying to imitate a life we have never experienced.

Perhaps with writing it is a little better. But why would it be? If we could write from our heart, from feelings we have, and then express them in such words that everybody can understand and receive in turn such impressions that also their feelings feel. But we assemble words and terms and puns and sentences trying to clarify ourselves and even if we reach moments of inner bliss, we are still at a loss to produce these states at will.

Would painting be better? Drawing pictures and lines in a certain way and let our imagination run wild, hoping that someone else will understand these scribbles, these colors thrown together as we feel them or see them?

Do we really accomplish what we are after? Do we improve on nature, not just imitation, but again, originality in line so that the totality of it expresses an idea which will be acknowledged by all? Because what is the good if we paint in Greek and no one understands Greek? Isn't practically all art building castles on sand and as the tide comes it is swept away without a trace? How can we escape this dilemma, how can we create immortality of art?

Perhaps in the same way as a new life is created when one is born, this process of creation, this art, can be actualized again by the creation of a new life in ourselves of which the vibrations are of a different scale.

All this, however, leads to our third consideration, the path of Philosophy. What is philosophy, really? The word means philos-sophia, that is, the love of wisdom from the Greek word, philos, which is loving, or having a fondness for - as in so many words we know: philology - love of logos, words; or even the word Phillip - that is, lover of Hippo - of horses. And then, the word sophia, wisdom, or in a larger sense including logic, ethics, aesthetics, metaphysics and the theory of knowledge. Perhaps as a shorter description, we should use the science which investigates the facts and principles of reality and of human nature and conduct, or, to say it in another way, the interest to discover the meaning and aim of existence. This is philosophy and as such it is a rather large order. When we apply this to human beings it follows that each person has his own philosophy, with some more pronounced than others, but definitely quite personal. And if we could add all these philosophies and divide it by the number of people, we would have one general philosophy. On the face of it, this is naturally absurd.

There is a line in a recent play which is worthwhile. The actor says that he studied a variety of philosophies but they were all too difficult so he finally invented his own. And this is probably true in all our cases. We say of so-and-so that he has a good philosophy, a good way of thinking or behavior or that someone else takes things quite philosophically. What do we mean by that?

We read many books and what we can retain from them, what we like or what we remember or when we agree or disagree becomes part of us. When we sit and think and philosophize about these ideas, we gradually form in ourselves a mode of behavior, a pattern of our life. It is mostly in our head. We think about how we ought to be or to a certain extent we believe that we are such and such. We think about the meaning of words or the meaning of ideas or the meaning of experience. We start to valuate them in our mind and we say that some thoughts are deeper than others or that one idea weighs more than another. We then classify such books as valuable for us or others which have no meaning, they have nothing to say and they don't contain any worthwhile thought. This becomes our philosophy, the ideas we want to live with, the persons we want as friends, the experiences which seem to be indicative for us as

representing a higher life. It is not that we are particularly stirred by them. We rather enjoy reading and thinking about them and they help us in our daydreaming.

We read a little about Plato and Socrates and then we are reminded that there was something in the old Hindu philosophies, so we read some Vedanta and the Bhagavat Gita and perhaps even go so far as the Mahabharata, or the Chinese, Lao Tze. We delve a little into Spinoza, Kant, Leibnitz, Bergson, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche. Then we think again about Zoroaster and we look him up. Someone mentions Hegel, Hartman, Fichte and perhaps Kant. We struggle through the 'Kritik des reinen Verunft', 'Das Ding an Sich'. We go back to Goethe and read Faust for a little while, the first part of which we like, the second part becomes much too much involved. What we want does not seem to be there and we continue our search for other philosophers and their way of thinking.

And gradually we start to believe that those words are our own words, that this thinking is our own thinking. We take one grain of Descartes, one gram of Berkeley or Locke and a little sprinkling of Russell and a pinch of salt from Tertium Organum and we mix it well and stir it up and there, presto, is our philosophy of life. And the next moment, we come across Alexis Carroll and we agree with him quite whole-heartedly until another best-seller takes his place and so on and so on.

And now when I want to write or say something about Religion I do not knew where to begin or to begin with what. With myself? Or with God? Or with so-called Higher Beings and our relation to them? I feel it has to be a relation, either between certain parts within myself or between myself and something of the outside. And usually I think it starts with something outside of myself and myself. I also know that that relation will determine my mode of life. And again it seems to be the same question as it was with my life's philosophy although this time it is more centered in my feeling. Sometimes, however, it is very difficult to make a distinction between feelings and thoughts and at the same time I know that it really does not matter very much. Whatever the motivations are or whatever the source is of such motivations, they will have to find an expression in different forms of my behavior, that is to say, how I act or do things, how I feel or how I think. And in that I become completely identified with what I call my personality or that what I am or what I think I am.

Again now I try to be quite honest with myself. I have to settle once and for all that either I

can believe that by trying to valuate all my thoughts and my feelings and my actions and, in trying to live with this kind of seriousness, that I can do it by myself without help from the outside. Or that, on the other hand, I am dependent on or part of something which is higher than that what I am now.

It is obvious that what I am trying to say implies that what I find in my life, in my daily experiences and in my contact with other people, or in earthly existence, that all of this cannot be a final answer. My life as I live it can usually satisfy me for quite some time. As long as I have interest in what I am doing everything will be all right and I can even overcome certain disagreeable experiences or periods in my life when I suffer. However, it seems to me that there must be and I should come to that, a point where I will realize my utter helplessness or my inability to cope with events. It may depend on the events, very eventful or not, but it is at such a point that I might wish to look for help. Maybe at first I turn to other people wanting to listen to their advice and, ultimately, I want to find something within me on which I can place my confidence so that I will no longer be dependent on others.

I may be dependent on others for a long time. When I finally find something which gives me strength and hope and desire to live further, it may be that it reaches me through a person in whom I have confidence. It may also be books or chance remarks, but gradually, out of a variety of such influences, there will come something of more force and solidity within myself.

Such a proof for myself has to be based on my own experience and, regardless if I call it God or my conscience, it will be completely impossible to convince anyone else of this experience. And moreover I have no desire to convince anyone. At most I can try to share my experience and indicate in a more or less vague way how I came to it in my own case.

This concept of a part of my life which has become sacred to me now starts to grow. At first I will assume it is only a working hypothesis and not as yet an axiom or a law. But the more experiences can be added which can be understood in this fundamental way the more certain will I be convinced myself. I could become then on the sea of life a ship with a rudder, or it is upon a more and more solid basis that my life can be built further. The greatest danger is that I become fanatic and ultimately dogmatic. At the same time I must remain flexible in my concepts of God or conscience or direction of life or ultimate aim. I do not know very much in the beginning and there will be times when it seems that I know even less. There will be questions and disappointments. But when at a certain time I am able to see the difference between philosophy

and religion I can define my aim more clearly. As long as my mind only is engaged it will not give me enough stability in life. If it is in my heart only I can have a fervent wish but it leaves me without support when confronted with my daily relations. When I wish to translate my thoughts and feelings into actions I know I have a chance.

But where is the material to work with? What have other people like myself done? What other kinds or varieties of religious experience do exist? And where is the difference between dogma and actualization of life? It should be a religion of my hands, not of my heart or of my head. Although I will admit that my hand has to be guided.

And then I read again and I think again and again, my own background, my father and mother, my early youth, the persons I cared for and who told me things or truths they believed in. I want to remember them but at the same time I will want to question them. Because how were such persons in their own behavior when they told me that there were golden rules and ethics and morality? And how did they live or at least, how much can I understand of their lives and how true were they themselves?

Maybe I cannot judge because I have not enough facts but when children are young they are quite keen and they are not fooled so easily.

And then again my own experience is very limited and the experiences of those near me, of those who belong to the same cultural pattern are also limited. The earth is large and humanity is living in all corners of it. And they have lived for a long time. I don't mean now that we, as human beings, are insignificant when seen from the sun or from points further towards the Absolute. I know that I am only a speck of matter even in relation to the total organic kingdom as represented by humanity. But I have a mind which can engage itself in concepts and, although I am sometimes quite lost in that relation, I dare to think about other people who are living now and those who have lived before me and those who will live after I die. All of them had brains and hearts and many of them had aspirations and wishes for possible freedom. And they evolved also in their way and as far as their own environment allowed them. They talked about Higher Beings than themselves, their gods and deities, about their own souls, their hopes, their Spiritual World and that what they saw and reached and the conclusions they came to during their life.

All of this cannot simply be brushed away. It cannot be considered as if nothing. Why should I think that in my religion I know more or better when hundreds of other religions have

existed and still exist? What did those persons know or what was in their life manifested to them which might be important to me? And I keep on reading and thinking and I try to picture those whose names I know, how they were in their lives. The religions of the world, the beliefs now existing and with perfectly good reason, the rules, the dogmas, the way of life of those who believed in them, their spiritual development, their ultimate freedom. There may be many religions and only one God, but where is that God for me? And I become bewildered. Let Christianity or Hebrew or Buddhism or Islam or Animism and many others be what they are and whatever they are, I have to find my way and maybe the only way existing for me, may be the way only for me.

I cannot be entirely at a loss however. The relations which exist outside of me and when I, in quiet moments, come to the realization of the existence of stars, suns and planets and which give me possibly an indication that there are laws which govern the universe, these same relations are repeated on a different scale within myself. When I say God or conscience I really draw a conclusion that God exists within me and I call it His Voice or my conscience. So then in that case, the world of my religion does not have to exist outside of me or does not exist in other religions as I know them on this earth or as they have existed in history, but the religious world of myself is made up of my experiences and related to a judge of some kind which I call my conscience. And therefore the question of religion is reduced to a very simple one - how can my conscience grow?

And conscience is not dogma. Why do I want to make a distinction? It is not that I really object to dogma. It is a system of organized rules of conduct and it is based on how to behave in the presence of one or more Higher Beings. But I have an inkling that by a strict adherence to such rules of a dogma I place my conscience outside of myself, and that gradually I lose the connection of my conscience with my life. For any consideration of how to act I will have an authority. I will look it up in the Book of Rules and when it says that I must do this and that, I will try to follow that law. And when I cannot do it something in me starts to make believe and I am very soon on the road to become a hypocrite. And the difficulty is that I don't see it and that I seem to act that way for quite other reasons.

There is, for instance, the reason of fear and punishment or fear and being destroyed. Already very early in life I know that there is something precious which I have to protect. I don't believe that it is clear to me why or that I can say that I have a responsibility. Perhaps it is

that I don't want to suffer, mostly physically and later psychologically. I will fight for my life in order not to lose it and when an event of much larger proportions happens to me, I will try to avoid the danger or hide behind my mother's skirts. In the same way I will want to prolong conditions which are pleasant to me and I will follow the line of least resistance if there is such a threat.

As I then in a primitive way see how incapable I am to cope with such a situation, I will forget about myself and blame conditions. Or in order to bring a force greater than myself closer to my perception I will personify it and then deify it to give it a standing equal to the force which threatens me and my existence. It depends on my wish to live and to believe in a god who can be appeased and therefore will no longer be a threat to me.

This wish to protect my life is, I believe, quite fundamental and mostly on that is my religion founded. I see how my body functions to correct a temporary state of illness, how it tries to protect a wound, how it forms antitoxins when it is poisoned. I protect myself from blows instinctively by putting up my arm or ducking away. I do not want harm to come to me. But I do not know if the motivation is avoidance of pain or protecting life. Both are probably true. I will build a shelter to protect me from rain and I will select my friends so as not to be stepped on my toes. How wonderful it is therefore if I can shift my burdens on to someone else. It is my way of placing my conscience outside of myself. I rely on the Ten Commandments, I rely on the preacher, I rely on the Church, I rely on confession, I rely on a Mediator and finally I rely on God and leave it all in His hands.

And with all of this I can become a very devout follower. This is another reason and a very sensitive one why I cannot become what I should be. It is based on a very honest feeling about myself and a realization that I cannot do it alone. It is more a religious feeling than a logical formulation in my mind. It implies that I am willing to sacrifice many things for the sake of entering the Kingdom of Heaven and at times I will pledge myself to such devotion. There is nothing wrong with it than only that the danger exists of not taking full responsibility for the life which has been given to me or with which I find myself. It is a road sometimes of contemplation or meditation, sometimes consideration of where my place is, assuming I have a place, sometimes trying to establish a relation with the infinite, to try to be in tune with it, sometimes it takes on the color of mysticism, a yielding and yearning to become One with that what is superior. And who is there to say that it is not a way to find the religion of one's life?

I do not want to judge about these various ways. I do not know what can be reached but for me many seem to carry me away from my ordinary life without giving ordinary life its proper value.

I do wish to become a man and not only a holy man. I want to remain human and exhaust its humanness. Homo sum, humani nil est alienum puto. I do not wish to become an angel and not know about this earth. If I could become holy I would wish to return to be a man among men. Only then could I truthfully say that I live my religion.

So here then is an aim. I will have to try to define it each day. I will want to remember it. I will also have to work for it. I can say that God will meet me at the bridge but I will have to go to the bridge. I know that I cannot be satisfied with superficialities, for instance, a statement that thinking good is thinking God, or that He will take care of me when I pray to Him. And do I know how to pray? And do I expect God in the midst of my sleep to say hello to me and wake me up? Should I, expecting the Bridegroom to come, keep the lights burning so that I can go in with Him and partake of the holy food? What is it that will give me the impetus, the real desire to meet life as it is or to meet myself as I am and to continue to endure this acceptance?

We are now face to face with a reality of myself, to be absolutely sure that I know by experience what I really am and then on that basis, with the tools which are available to me, that I then with the help of God and the Devil can go forward towards more understanding and life. But it will have to be my life as I can live it or to the extent that I am allowed.

FIREFLY

SECOND PART

W. A. Nyland

PREFACE

For forty years I have been associated with the ideas of Gurdjieff, with the man and with those who were affected by him. I am not saying this to prove that I know something, because mere association with Gurdjieff or the ideas doesn't help very much. There are enough examples of that in existence at the present time.

About twenty years ago, when in Paris, Gurdjieff asked me to start a group in New York for which he would supply material from the Beelzebub book which at that time was not available in a published form. It is understandable that I felt happy about this, but at the same time I was quite hesitant. Nevertheless, I accepted this as a necessary suggestion and thus this group became the first of this kind in America, started in accordance with his wishes. A few years later, as a matter of fact on the last day of his last visit to America, he gave me special instructions. Those who were present at this last lunch with him will undoubtedly remember this.

Since his death, strangely enough a few days after my fifty-ninth birthday, I have tried to live in accordance with these instructions as faithfully as I was able.

It is, again, in accordance with those special instructions that I am compelled to write. I do not really wish to add to the already existing books on Gurdjieff giving the author's impressions in some more or less personal way. Moreover I do not want to make the following pages available to the general public, and I do not wish to sell them. They are privately printed and privately distributed. Why I am compelled to write is simply the fact that much of the material on Gurdjieff is entirely too personal and that there is very little in it on actual Work. Still that is the most important part of the whole system of his Ideas, and for the same reason it should reach only a limited group of persons. Although some of it may have a little esoteric value, it is based on my own experience in Work on myself. The value it may have for others depends entirely on their own Work on themselves.

Needless to say, therefore, these pages should only be read by those to whom they are addressed, and in accepting them as reading matter you place yourself under that obligation. This is like a pledge to yourself.

W. A. N.

On my desk, as I write, there are two objects which are important for me. One is a little Zuni, a kind of an amulet of the Zuni Indians. The other is a small owl carved out of wood, also from an Indian tribe but not the Zuni's. One is very old, from the old tradition of the Zuni's and of course, like all these amulets, it has a special meaning. The other is rather new, maybe slightly modern in the carving.

These little objects are looking at me all the time and I am looking at them. Somehow they keep me at work, and almost accuse me with their looks when I happen to think and rest my pencil and try to concentrate on what I should write next. Perhaps they don't understand the workings of the human mind. But I think they do, and they do allow me to think because every once in a while one or the other nods his head. Particularly the little owl, the wise one, and when I talk to them it is usually he who listens. Maybe he is a little more intellectually inclined, and maybe he understands things that way. Also because he is younger he may be a little more flexible. His forehead is still smooth, no wrinkles as yet. But he knows how to listen and that is important.

The other one, the Zuni, is much older. She looks like a little horse with a pack, which has a strange piece of a pointed arrow fastened to the back. Maybe it is to give a direction to somewhere, but with words I do not seem to get anywhere with her. She looks at me with greenish-blue eyes and there is depth in them of many years living. When I look at her I feel her presence and she seems to be pleased when I sit quietly, and maybe she believes or hopes that I am not thinking.

It is strange with these two creatures sitting here. They have something to say, I know, and I listen at times quite attentively. The Zuni tries to tell me something of many years ago, of burdens to be carried, of hopes for the future, of the arrow pointing to an aim far away. And I tried one day to tell them something also. It was a story which was on my mind. And this is the story I told.

It is about the house I live in. I don't own it, I just live in it. I wished I could own it, but I have to rent it from someone who says he owns it. He doesn't want to sell the house. But he said he was willing to sell me some land so that I could build a house myself, if I wanted to. I couldn't understand why I couldn't buy the house. He told me that a house has to be earned. I could live in his house as long as I lived, but I never could own it. With land it is different. You cannot live in it but you can live on it. I could treat his house as if I owned it; and finally we

decided to make the best of it and we started to live there.

It was a nice house, and gradually it became even nicer because, with a lot of furnishings and a lot of work and a great deal of attention that we paid to detail and so forth, we had some very good times in it. The house was built against the hillside, and there were three floors or layers. It was so built that from each floor you could get on to the land again. Therefore the arrangement was different from the usual kind of house; and also it was built in the form of a horseshoe which apparently meant that it should bring one good luck.

The first floor was occupied by the children. They had their playroom, and their toys and the different things they kept busy with - busy, very, very busy. During the day, and even at night they could hardly get to sleep. The second floor was the world of my wife. She was an artist, and she wanted to do many things with her hands, and painting and arranging - and she had a very good sense about that and a very good feeling. So she was at home there. It did not mean, of course, that she didn't go downstairs or even come upstairs. Upstairs, however, was the place where the father should be as the head of the family. He had his own room, his den, his sanctum, you know - his holy place where he could be by himself if he wanted to. Although he may have been disturbed every once in a while by the noise of the children or his wife walking up and down in her rooms, every once in a while when he wanted to get away from things, he could sit in his room. It was a fairly large room because he was very much interested in all kind of things of life. He wanted to read and he had a great number of books which he put around himself. Every once in a while he would sit and look at them and pick one out and read it a little, put it back - thinking about this or that and the world and everything that takes place in the world - science and some philosophy and the reason of the existence of the earth, and even astrology and cosmology. He was interested in how things actually were related to each other. He studied. He thought a great deal, sometimes maybe a little too much. Then he would have to stop and go out. He needed some fresh air, even if only a little bit in order to get the cobwebs out of his head, or to get something that would make a balance for his body. He needed some kind of activity, he said, and so he would go out and walk around a little and look at the house. The house was really quite lovely and it had many things in it, many accumulations over the years, of things that they had bought and which were now kept in certain places. Sometimes it looked a little like a museum with all the different things stored away, some useful and sometimes only ornamental. But then, one day as he started to walk around the house, he got the impression that really it was

not sufficient. What made him think that I don't know. What could have given him the idea that, with all of the things which could and did make them happy - where there was a great deal and life and a household and family - that something was still lacking? And in looking at the house and seeing how it was projected against the hillside, he decided then that he would soon build something new. And this time he said it would have to be real for him and that it ultimately would become part of the family. It was not that he wanted to separate from the family, but he felt it was necessary to start building something that he could call his own. So he looked for a good place. He surveyed the grounds and the land he had bought. And right near his present house he found a good spot where nature had already indicated, as it were, where the foundation could be made. It looked like a natural place just a little up the hillside. And by building there he could be close enough to the old house. He would have to start, however, at about the level of the second floor of the old house; but that wouldn't matter, and the hill made it even more logical.

He wanted to build this addition with his own hands, and wanted to be as much as possible independent of other people. But how would he build?

I looked at my little Zuni to see if she could tell me, but there was no response. The owl had a wise expression on his face; and although he didn't talk, I got all of a sudden an idea. He would build some kind of a tower first, of the same height as the future house so that he could, from the highest point, look out over the surrounding country. It needn't be more than a scaffold and sufficiently sturdy to stand on, and it could be made useful in building the new house. This house would also have three stories, but the bottom story as the first floor would be at the same level as the second floor of the old house.

When the scaffold had been built, he arranged a few boards on the top level as a seat and there he sat quite often before he could start building the house itself. He looked and thought. He looked down at the old house, trying to remember what he had experienced during the time he lived there. He had a strange idea that the new house should really be built on top of the old house. But the problem then became apparent - how could he fasten it strongly enough so that the wind wouldn't blow it away? This idea that the logical place for a new house would have to be on top of the old one, to start where the old house ended, as it were, would not get out of his mind. And then he visualized that the scaffold, if properly built, could be used as a supporting framework for a new house on top of the old one as an extension of it. With these thoughts the

whole concept of building a new house changed.

When the plans had developed so far it became time to tell the Zuni and the owl about it. So I drew it up for them on the desk and I made them part of it. The scaffold would start at the second floor of the old house to give it enough anchorage, and the space between the second floor of the scaffold and the top would, as the second half, stick up above the old house. And then the real house could be built beginning at the second floor of the scaffold, be held by the top of the scaffold, and then be finished with the second half of the real house sticking up above the top of the scaffold.

I don't think it was accidental that in the drawing on the table in front of the little Zuni and the owl, the bottom floor of the scaffold started at the point where the Zuni was and the bottom part of the real new house started where the owl was. But in any event so it happened; and for me it was a sign of how it should be built.

But now he realized that the way he had looked at building a new house and the way it was now going to be was quite different. But then, how could it be otherwise? He didn't know much about building and he really had no idea of how the new house would have to look.

For many years they continued to live in the old house while he was building the scaffold for the new; but although it started on the second floor, he could not get it above the roof at the third floor. He couldn't understand why this was. He tried to recall all the different things that had happened in his lifetime, and how this and that had grown - how he had to meet certain conditions and where exactly it happened when he happened to think about that, and the problems he had to face and the relationship with his wife and his children - he had to earn money and go to the city and come back and work. And all of that he contemplated because after all that was, you might say, that was all he had. Everything that belonged to his experience in living in the old house, and what during that time he had acquired and really not acquired as a possession, because he was quite aware of the fact that that what he had obtained he would have to give up again. And the whole idea of building now something that was going to be different, would have to be different in the sense that that what he was doing now was going to be his own forever and ever.

Now this went on for some time. He started to rearrange certain things in the old house. You see it was not so easy to make a new kind of a structure because, having in mind that he didn't want to - that he wanted to possess it, but then it would have to be built in accordance with

certain rules; and that all he had was his old house supplying him with information. Then he felt not very much at ease in the beginning of starting to build something that really would be worthwhile and what he would like to call permanent. How much he used of his knowledge and his feeling I do not really know.

But no amount of discussion with his wife when he went to the second floor or when she came upstairs was enough to clarify the problem. It was obvious that something of a different kind had to be introduced somehow.

The scaffold went only to a certain height and then got stuck. He knew that to solve this problem he had to understand better the meaning of the scaffold. There was a wish to build and to build correctly. But where will I attach it? He took walks around the house, climbed up the hillside to get a more objective viewpoint, and finally it dawned on him that the scaffold was too close to the old house. He would move it just a little away from it, and it would indicate that whatever there was of the old house would have to be looked at from a little distance.

From then on he could build, although it went slow. He had to keep his daily life going, but there was less and less argument between his wife and himself, particularly regarding the education of the children. There had been friction, and of course it could be explained; but now living partly in the scaffold it was easier. At times there was a great deal of activity because he wanted to build. And his wish to get somewhere with it was understandable. And at times, for no reason whatever that he could see, it went slower - and sometimes even stopped.

But what always helped was when he went to the little observation point on the hillside, where he first got the idea of moving the scaffold a little. Whenever he went there and looked again, he came back with new inspiration. He liked to call it a new creative impulse. It became easier when he made a little bridge between the bottom of the scaffold and the second floor of the old house, because then he didn't have to climb all the way down and up again. And then he made a bridge between the third floor and the middle part of the scaffold; and this turned out to be horizontal with the observation point on the hillside. It looked like a coincidence, and I asked my friend the little owl about it. And he said that that was the way it should be.

Sometimes it seems that this story has no end. What happened when he built more and more, and how he had to use what he had, and how at times he obtained help - all of that is in the pages of this so-called book. It tries to explain how building can proceed, and what is needed to

retain an unflagging interest, and the difficulties one meets when one builds.

The house is not finished. He is still building. The scaffold gives support and he knows that also that will have to disappear the same as the old house. And the question still remains: will the new house be permanent?

I know full well that writing a story about building is not the same as building itself. I also know that all of us have to build. We have to do something with what we know. And how else can I communicate what I know as a result of my experience with building than by writing about it - writing about the rules of architecture, so as to warn you where the weak points of the scaffold are. It is not enough to tell you that you should build or ask you to look at my building. Maybe in you arises a wish to do a similar thing, adapted to the circumstances you live in; but I have to give you a ruler and a square, a pencil and some paper. And in the drawing up of a plan I have to tell you how one thing fits into another, and what to do here for support, and there to prevent a leakage of the roof. This is what this writing is for - to share with you the experiences, and at the same time to give you some tools so that you can go ahead yourself.

How will I now write? I will repeat many times what I already have written, and each time it will seem not to be right as yet. Or perhaps it will not be enough. Should I give more detail of the sources of material where I found something that stimulated me? Where to buy the lumber and the nails? I myself would have to take it and use it. It does become my own when I use it; but before using it I want to be sure that it is right, that it is right for use; and also that I have a right to use it. So I must set out with a sincere wish, and the wish has to be for more understanding of my life and the facts of my own experience. But what are my experiences? The application in my life of concepts which are in my mind or heart, in my daily life in the way I have to do things. But then again the difficulty: what are really the facts of my experience, and in how far can I trust them?

Each serious-minded person will question such facts. Much of what follows is the result of the questioning of a possible spiritual development of man - about what he should do to understand, in the first place, the conditions in which he lives and which have made him what he is; or rather how he has digested his own life's experiences; and what has as a result been built up in him; and what has now become his personality.

We have to face ideas of this kind in a little different way. I have, so far, written with a great deal of seriousness and consideration; but it should only serve as an introduction to something more tangible. All of these thoughts and concepts should resolve themselves in a very practical question of: what is there in it for me? There is a good reason for giving a proper place to religion or art or science or philosophy, but we have a daily life to live. And how can we make that part of our lives more worthwhile?

How will we find out what can be done, or should be done - or perhaps how should we become so that something can be done to us? How can I or should I look at events; and how could my experiences gradually be built up so that I can face the world in a more definite and understanding way? What is it that makes and affects my character, and in what respect could I consider myself mature? Where do the thoughts I have come from; and how do such thoughts become my own?

I could say that a knowledge has become an understanding, but this is still begging the question a little. At best it is confusing. When I have a good visual or auditory memory, I can recall many things, events, sayings and thoughts. I do not always know how and where I heard them or read them or thought them, although I may remember that I have received certain impressions connected with them. Then when I speak or write or think, I draw on this reservoir. Some of the concepts are grouped together in my mind and fall into place, as it were. They become logically connected and begin to have meaning. They become more meaningful when they agree with conclusions based on my own experience. And in digesting such experiences, they become associated with thoughts or concepts already present in my mind. And in such cases I do not see so easily the difference anymore between concepts derived from my own experience or those which are, as it were, given to me.

But how to write this now. I do not want to give quotations or footnotes. When one talks there are no footnotes. They delay and often distract. But there will have to be references; and sometimes they have to be used as confirmations of one's own conclusions.

There is, for instance, the question: does superior wisdom exist? What kind of proof is there as given by others who have written about this, and which statements could be used as source material? But the reference to names of persons who have written about this, just the mention of them already, as a name, may set up many prejudices. If I mention Darwin or Maharshi or DaVinci, what do you know about them? And if the name is familiar, what is your

opinion? And what have you read or heard, and why is your opinion the way it is? And maybe it is not like mine. And still there ought to be some possible agreement or the reasons for disagreement. So when we talk about the secret or not so secret wisdom, the Gnosis or the Gnostics, what do you know? And on what is your opinion based? It would be quite impossible to cover the literature and source material on this subject alone. What is this Secret Doctrine as revealed, or at least described by Madame Blavatsky, or the fundamentals of Theosophy, the wisdom of the gods?

But enough of this. It is so obvious. The question which remains is: are these opinions trustworthy or not? Are they subjective or maybe in part objective? Are they relative or absolute? And again: do we need absolute facts or absolute Truth? And then the related question: is man entitled to know the Absolute? And if so, what is it then, and why should he know it?

I am afraid that this will remain an enigma for man as long as his time exists for him. And at the same time, if you would tell such a person that man never will know, there always will remain a doubt in the mind or heart of some such person; and he will continue to seek.

How now will I write? Maybe as questions and answers on different subjects as they come up, and as we then can talk about them, or references to the meetings we have had, sometimes with questions, sometimes no questions at all. And gradually something real will emerge out of this collection of material. Will there be something you can use?

You must not look therefore in these sheets of paper and data as if they constitute a book written in a certain logical sequence. To a certain extent there will be a logical building up of ideas, but it will be more like furnishing a room with furniture and decorations. Each piece should have a meaning and perhaps an association with it; but when the room gets more and more furnished and finished, you will be able to sit in a chair, each morning, maybe before you go to your daily tasks. And maybe there will be something you can remember during the day.

I don't think I should give you a reading list as yet, a list of books which would be worthwhile to read, or to give you suggestions about what to read of certain authors. The assumption is that you know enough, because we will not primarily talk about the facts and data of the mind. In a growing person there are enough of such facts to work with; and the principal purpose in reading is to extract from it a wish to do something with it. But out of the tremendous quantity of facts, descriptions, experiences and philosophies of other people and myself, I had to

make a selection for what I would consider worthwhile. It is interesting to see how much there is written about higher spiritual levels, about God and heaven, about the hereafter or how ideal a state on earth could be if we treated each other as brothers and sisters - and how little there is said about the actual condition of man, than only that he is poor and suffers a great deal and has complexes.

And the question is: how to overbridge this gap between man as he is and man as he should be, or whatever we think he should become. And the realization has to be in the first place that man is not what he should be. Or perhaps it should be said in a different way - that the world on earth is in a very sorry state, and that mankind, the people living on this earth, are such a part of this terrible situation that there is a cry for help to get out of this agony. But as is usually the case, this cry is very weak, a cry in the wilderness. And it is not heard. There are very few people who want to acknowledge this kind of wisdom. Because in really listening to it, they would become responsible.

And what is true of man as a whole or as a group is also true on a lower relative scale of the world of man himself, in which relationship his body represents his earth, and his behavior is his world. There are not many voices in his own world, in his own lifetime, interested in his own further growth. And when at times they may be there, then there are other voices which drown out the first ones. In all of this it is clear, however, that if I am looking for a way out of my present state toward freedom, that there have to be instructions for me of how to go about it. And the instructions have to be simple. And they must be possible of application in my daily life, not only on Sunday.

I have to elucidate why I became interested in Gurdjieff and his directions to reach Self-consciousness. It will be clear in what follows why he gave, more than anyone else, the requirements for a man as he finds himself, to develop simultaneously all three of his centers by simple rules. The aim is to remain man on earth and to become more harmonious. Also this is a strange word because what my idea of harmony is may not be the same for someone else. Perhaps it is better to say - to become free, or to be more in balance, or to become more developed in those directions where further growth is possible. And as we follow through on this we may see why other roads may be not as satisfactory for occidental man as a road of objectivity. I would prefer to call Gurdjieff's method an objective one in order to distinguish it

from so many subjective directions. It may be difficult to define objectivity. It is obvious that it cannot contain any subjectivity as we know it. And if all subjectivity is taken away or has disappeared, there should be something left which is non-subjective. Or perhaps it is easier to say that I, as a person, am a subjective creature and everything outside of me, that what is not me, could be an object for my subjectivity. So, the dividing line might be between me and that which is outside of me. And I define personality as my body, my feelings, and my thoughts, or with other words, my three centers. Whenever they are active, it will be a subjective act. Outside objects which I can observe do not make my intellect become objective; and it is obvious that any one of my three centers cannot be objective and impartial. How can a mind become objective in its recording of outside facts? In this respect it is meant that a subjective mind tries to function in such a way that an outside fact is considered in an identical way by different observers. A judge tries in this sense to be objective, and a scientist has to record objective facts of an experiment so that the other scientists can reach the same result and share his opinions.

But the objectivity mentioned by Gurdjieff has nothing to do with objective observation of the outside world. His method considers only objectivity of one's self as a result of self-observation. I will explain later at different times what is really meant by this, and talk about this Work in detail; but for the time being the conclusion has to be reached that self-observation, by any means known to ordinary man, is an impossibility. No mind in its present state, however well developed, no feeling of man, as we know it at present, is capable of functioning objectively in the way Gurdjieff means it. And at the same time there must be a belief and hope that they can learn this.

The mistake is so often made by saying or implying that self-observation is a thought process. It isn't. It is not a new way of thinking, or even feeling, for that matter. It is something entirely different. It is a mental process of some kind of special awareness, but at the present time this objective recording faculty does not exist. No exercises of yoga for physical or mental behavior, no new forms of feeling extending the feeling center we now possess, no drugs for expansion of the brain, or tranquillizers, no training of the body as a fakir will ever make a man, in the sense of what Gurdjieff considers a harmonious man should be. There will be many things to be said about this.

Natural man is not a complete man. Nature is now defined as Mother Nature, representing

the laws and conditions of our natural life on earth. And the earth extends as far as its atmosphere, or the extent of the influence of the force of gravity.

But again, what is complete? When is a house, for instance, complete? And when can a man be considered complete? For completeness the house or the man has to be finished. They cannot grow anymore or, as long as they can still grow, they are incomplete. When I have a task, I will have completed the task when I have done it. I have completed my growth physically as a body when I will not grow anymore. Growth as represented by a line forming an angle with a horizontal line, which represents time-duration of my life, will taper off at a certain point and run parallel with my time line, horizontally.

Mother Nature will allow me, under normal conditions, to develop my body to its maturity; then the growth stops and changes into a maintenance of the body. There are, in accordance with the laws of Mother Nature, three possibilities of development in man which are linked up with the three characteristics of man, as represented by his three so-called centers. Man is complete as far as his physical body is concerned; and the end of his physical existence would be his death. His feeling center is incomplete and less than half grown. His intellectual center is barely existing.

Such is the state of man on earth. And for those reasons a man is considered unconscious, because there is a possibility for him to grow further on earth as a result of certain rules for Work on himself, which could bring him to a state of Self-consciousness.

The question of completeness is relative. A man may be considered complete when he has no further wish than only to continue to live. It is clear therefore that this wish for a continuation of his life depends on the state of his being, and that regarding this level of being, there has to be a balance. And this balance may be represented by a wish to digest food as available to him, of which there are three different kinds; and that this digestion process furnishes man with a wish to continue to live. And it is in this sense that man would wish to complete himself, when he realizes that he is not complete now. There are not many men who wish to realize this and it is not necessary for all men to wake up to these facts. There are not many men who wish to make themselves complete. Organic kingdom, and in particular the world of mankind, needs many supporting ceils to live on earth; and man's body is made up of many unconscious units, although alive, with only a few organs which aspire to and believe in the possibility of further growth and completeness.

Gurdjieff, like many other esoteric seekers of the Truth, talks about this unnatural world - sometimes called Great Nature - which, on its level of existence, envelops the nature of earth. Man, in his search for completeness, has to understand the laws and meaning of Great Nature and he has to work for this understanding. It has to be Work of the right kind, the kind where the application of objective knowledge and esoteric understanding is made possible on earth with the aid of influences of a higher quality.

Each man finds himself in a varying state of completeness at any one time, on his own time-road of development. Breath is his time. When that stops, his own time stops. His breathing makes him organic as a sign of his life, and he is on a different level from the inorganic world. His present thought is his potentiality. Among his many thoughts there are a few which have this potentiality. But most of the mental processes are a form of unconsciousness or sleep. When there are no thoughts about incompleteness, man will consider himself complete enough for ordinary life. It does not mean that he is satisfied with life as he experiences it; but in time he will make adjustments and fall into a deeper sleep. By now I begin to realize how easily one can become too complicated. The thoughts come and go. There are associations and one goes off on a side road. Then there is too much time required to do it justice and one leaves it again.

When I mention superficiality, where does it end and where does essence begin? Where is the dividing line between man's inner and outer life? Why is it that the thought of oriental man can really not be understood by occidental man, and reversely? Why is it that man should become practical and put his theories, or even his feelings, into practice?

It is better that we talk about Work first, about Work on oneself, or as Gurdjieff calls it, genuine Being-duty. I will mention this many, many times because it is fundamental and it should never be forgotten.

Over the many years we have talked about these ideas in meetings, and we have recorded a great deal of them. I will use this material and substance with as little editing as possible, so as not to interrupt the flow of thought. Sometimes references may not be as clear as you would wish; but out of the totality of these concepts you will be able to make some sense. And the real acceptance of these ideas will only come when you Work yourself, on yourself. Here I must explain first about groups and meetings and why meetings are necessary. And the same principle applies to the question: are schools necessary? And again the question: does one need a teacher? A meeting is a poor substitute for a school. And in the absence of schools, why should there be

meetings?

One becomes acquainted with Gurdjieff and ideas of objectivity through reading or talking to others; and some curiosity is aroused - enough to pursue it a little further. And upon inquiry one hears about meetings, groups, discussions and lectures. So one evening one goes. What does one expect? Further knowledge? Elucidation? Stimulus? Or just an enjoyable time? Many times I do not know why they come. They listen, they go away, they come again. It is a group, a changeable group. They are on the outside of a field, the periphery only, where, inside the field, more to the center, there are a few buildings, also with rooms for meetings. But many never get there although they have the possibility to go, and they are free to go. These exoteric groups, these outsiders still, who come with interest, for them there has to be room, opportunities to meet, to discuss and to ask. We simply call them Groups III, a general discussion group where the name of Gurdjieff is mentioned only for the purpose of whetting their appetite.

And some walk towards the center, a little bit away from the periphery, from superficiality. They start to belong to another kind of group, a sort of middle group in-between the outside and the real center. Gurdjieff would call them mesoteric, and what they then can hear is mesoteric knowledge. It is not an advanced course which usually is the acquisition of more knowledge. It is more advanced in the sense that they realize that this knowledge has to be used for the definite purpose of applying it in daily life. And therefore there are many times no sharp distinctions. When do I really become interested in any form of application? And when I do, how far do I go? On the other hand, these mesoteric groups have to discuss Work and Work methods. They have to give food for a desire which has been awakened; and it has to be told how to Work, or what actually to do. And then this application has to have some results, desirable or encouraging, so that one is willing to continue. In this group answers have to be given which make sense. One has to know not only what to do but also what one can reasonably expect - and particularly one has to learn why there are difficulties in the application of Work ideas and also what to do when the difficulties are obstacles which are difficult to overcome. And so these groups talk about tasks to be fulfilled, promises made and failures recorded. One can acquire a knowledge of doing in these groups which is different from a knowledge of knowing as it applies to the exoteric group.

But the groups further in the center, the so-called esoteric groups, here it is again different. Here one wishes to acquire a knowledge of feeling, and this means that Work has become part of

one. It means that there is a commitment, a firm belief that this is the way - and the further one goes, it should become the only way. Again there are gradations, particularly in the application of Work as a philosophy of life and as a guide or conduct to life.

And why shouldn't there be a teacher or someone who can lead you - point a way and tell you what might be done, and sometimes hold you to it? Many of us don't deserve being in a school, because we would not be willing to pay the price of discipline. If one wants to be exposed to the influence of a school, one has to find one first, and with a proper teacher. I am afraid one has to go a long time before one finds a real guru.

REMEMBER YOUR PLEDGE

Here follows now what I said in October 1965. It is from a meeting in New York to members of Group II and it is taken from that meeting - M873.

Now what is there? I every once in a while in listening to some of the tapes from other groups and, as you probably know, we do send tapes from here to them. We send them this kind of material, meetings of Group II particularly; they are entitled to it. And then they listen to it and sometimes there are explanations in it which refer to some of their questions because they are instigated by something that I might hear. And then I believe that it would be worthwhile to try to answer them in that way instead of answering them direct, which of course would require more time; and at the same time if we do talk about these questions, they are of a general nature and also useful for us. And then I am all the time amazed how often one can listen and how often they do listen and then still the questions come up as if they never heard of it. They don't know what it is about; and they start mixing things up and the terminology of some terms; and they, for some reason or other, cannot place it. And then again and again, what will I do? Repeat it? But then it doesn't seem to have any effect either. Naturally it depends a great deal on the particular state in which one is, if something can appeal to you, and if one is in a state of development where that which is being said is just a little bit too far ahead of it, then of course it has no meaning. I think that is of course what we will be subject to all the time. And that really cannot be helped. For that reason probably we have to talk many times about fundamentals. Maybe really for two reasons - one is that some may have reached a state where it is necessary for them to know it; and the other is that those who have heard it before may have forgotten, or it may not be entirely clear, or in their particular trials of application they have found certain things which were not entirely clear then. You know, sometimes like an exercise or, sometimes like a logical building up of certain thoughts which belong together and then finally lead to a conclusion, you may have left out a few things, and they may be the necessary steps which would really be required for one because much of this material is quite new. But, after all, if you Work, there is a certain possibility that your mind starts to function a little differently and that because of that, that what you hear, even if it is not immediately assimilated or understood, that it may have left a certain impression. That is, it has been impressed on your brain - you've heard it - and that later it might come back again in some form or other, as if in memory you recall certain things.

Now this whole question simply simmers down to: what is really fundamental to Work?

What is really the understanding of it? And as I say, it is like an 'A-B-C' to which every person, I would almost say every time, has to come back, in order not to lose himself in all kinds of hallucinations and interpretations of thought processes. And even feelings would be included in that, so that it is not really clear enough to them unless they start to realize that that what is needed is Work on oneself. However, a full description of everything that you experience will not necessarily lead to Work. It will only lead to Work when you introduce an element of wanting to wake up to that kind of experience and then, see what is what, and what you can accept and what you really afterwards then remember of yourself to be.

So this 'A-B-C' - let me try to explain now. Last week I said something about it. I want to Work on myself. By myself, in this case, I understand that what I am as a personality, walking on earth, and performing different functions which are required of me simply because I happen to be alive. And this Work means that there is something to be done which is not done as yet as far as ordinary life is concerned, by Mother Nature, or is not done because of certain thoughts or feelings. But it is Work in a certain sense for which I have to know at what kind of level it exists, and what the direction is that that kind of Work would take. If I am not clear about this, I will mix it up. I will continue to do so-called Work, that is, to manipulate my feelings or my mind in a certain way and have all kind of beautiful thoughts or hopes, probably, of wishing to become a better man or to have and to reach more understanding. But I am afraid that all it will amount to is simply to increase the facility of one's particular brains. (By the way these functions are called by Gurdjieff, as you know, brains - not only a mental brain but also a physical brain and a feeling brain. Gurdjieff calls them bobbinkandelnosts, which, during the formation of a person, are being wound up.) And when one starts to live, one starts to use whatever is there as functioning, and one continues to receive certain impressions which are more and more stored away - sometimes in the form of memory, or, in any event, as data deposited in one's intellect. Sometimes they come to my notice by means of an intuitive process starting in the feeling center and fed back to the intellect. It is possible at times that these data are translated into dexterities and abilities of the physical body.

But here I am as a human being, sitting around and thinking and feeling and wanting to do certain things, and now I want to Work on myself. It is obvious that 'on myself' means I have to be a kind of Work receiver, that is, that it is <u>my</u> self which has to be Worked on. How it is Worked on, we'll talk about that a little later.

But what is this self? The self in the first place is that what a human being at the present time represents. It is of course not the same for different people. It is always different because we are as human beings different from each other. Not only that we have types, that we have different education, different personalities, different ways of having grown up, but biologically we are different because father and mother are not the same. And the effects of nature, the effects of all the different things that we have taken in, the impressions we have received, and whatever relationships we have had - we call it experience - and of course it always means that I happen to be at a certain time, a certain kind of self. And self in this sense is now meant to be what it actually is.

Now the question: do I know what my self is, actually? This of course is problematical. And that in the first place, Work on oneself has to do with finding out what I am. So it requires then as a first for interest in this kind of Work, an alertness. And alertness simply means that I become more and more alert to that what I am in daily life without of course trying to judge. Naturally in the beginning I will of course judge, like I always judge about whatever I have done; and think afterwards that I should not have done it or that at times I feel that I would like to do certain things that I know I am incapable of. And I would feel badly about not having that kind of ability. So when I start to Work, I gather data and information about myself; and of course this way of being alert is a little bit more than a sleepy state. It is a little bit more than just meditating and letting the thoughts churn around in me, or it is even a little bit more than a so-called prayer in which I ask for some guidance - even when I am not quite sure that the guidance will reach me. It may be, dependent entirely on the intensity and the fervor of such a prayer, that perhaps it is possible to reach certain things that are otherwise not accessible. But in a general way, what I wish is that I want to have an impression of that what I am in daily life, in my thoughts and my feelings, and also in the relationships with different people. How are they, how am I; how do I react, how do they act, how do I act, so-called, and how do they react? And then, what I do with the reactions of such people on me; what I do with their saying to me one thing or another, or expressing an opinion about what I am; and that sometimes it may lead to an argument that I do not agree with what they think of me, or sometimes that I would even emphasize something which I am not, and I know it. But in general, when I become alert to myself, I have much more aliveness in me and, as I say, it is a little bit removed from an ordinary sleepy state or quite definitely removed from the state of to just happen to think and happen to

feel. This alertness has to lead to something else because the alertness gives me data of which I am not entirely sure that they are truthful. They may be. And sometimes I am sure that after many discoveries of the same kind of a thing - a tendency or a characteristic of myself - I get a fairly good idea of what I really am, although it may not be entirely clear. At least when I am honest with myself, I try to investigate - particularly when I am alone - if I am really that bad or that good or that conceited or that stupid, or whatever it may be that I think I am. Or not really knowing it, that at least I feel I am.

This question now of: do I actually receive information about myself by thinking about myself afterwards and then having a certain form of judgment or association? Is that a real truth? Every once in a while if I watch these processes take place in me, it is of course quite necessary that I have to be a certain type. Because people who live on the periphery just as a superficial life, or who think that they know it all, or who of course get along very well in life and don't seem to need anything, or that for them even a question of prayer and God is absurdity because - look what they have done and their abilities and so forth for which they have worked, and that nothing came easy to them, and whatever it may be. This particular form of self-esteem of course is quite useless. It maintains me but I don't want to do any Work on myself since I assume that I myself am pretty good.

So there has to be in a person a certain questioning attitude that everything I see - is it really the way it is, and is there a possibility that I might add to that kind of knowledge and reach more of a truthful state about myself? I simply call that, that I would like to reach an absolute truth. And by absoluteness I mean now that there is no further question about it, that there is no possibility that anyone else could tell me a different thing that I have not as yet considered; and that what is now absolute for me could form a certain ground on which I can stand and with which I could continue to live in life, knowing then that that what I consider the truth is not going to be changed. If you use this kind of a definition for the different things that you at the present time know of yourself, you know very well that with living a little bit more and getting different kinds of experience and adding so-called more data to yourself, that every once in a while you will question what you thought you were a year ago or even five years ago. And that on the same kind of a basis, that what you might become in another twenty years probably will not be as truthful - or that you might not adhere to the same kind of a principle which you at the present time think you possess. So the absoluteness must be an absoluteness in time. It cannot be

subject to time; it cannot be subject anymore to further experiences; and it has to become of such absolute value that at the end of your life you still will say, this is the truth. In that way it is like an axiom for oneself, as compared to a working hypothesis which I am sure everybody in life has. Everybody has certain principles in accordance with which he wants to live. And of course whenever he lives he may make some mistake; then he changes his hypothesis or his opinions of himself and adds to it or subtracts from it a little bit - but whatever it is, it is subject to change. An axiom is absolute like something that is above water and that always stays above water, and by definition it never will be under water.

One should look for that kind of absolute value in one's life. So that that what I now see and accumulate as data of study of myself during a period of alertness, I become interested in myself as a study, as a certain grouping of materials which happens to walk around with my name. It becomes more and more necessary for me to really know what I am. This is the meaning of 'Know thyself.' Now in that, to that particular saying of the Oracle of Delphi, there was added 'everywhere and always.' So you see I now must include that I know it all the time, at any one time. Not just a little bit here and there. It makes it much more difficult because I am experiencing conditions in life which quite definitely represent, at different times for myself, different attitudes, and that regarding one or two different relationships I have different facts of myself which are not always the same. And the trouble is that although I may remember that I have them, I am, at the moment when I experience something, fully convinced that that is all of me. And many times of course I express that by using the word "I" for myself, as if that is the final something about which there is no further question. Immediately when I start to think about this - am I always the same - theoretically I am perfectly willing to admit that I am not always the same when I know very well that I make promises to myself and others which I don't keep, but for which then I will have an excuse. Or I rationalize, or I say that I am not always dependable, and that even when I say 'I love you' it does not mean that I love you until eternity.

So this question now, if I start to become more and more honest, and again I say, this kind of Work requires honesty - it requires quite definitely a serious attitude on the part of oneself, and also it does require certain times in which I want to put to practice these kind of ideas before I ever will find out something that is worthwhile. I have said it several times, that if I become interested in this, I must not be interested in something that is a little similar. Either I give it a chance for something that I say - all right, I yield to this for six months or a year or whatever it

is. And then this kind of honesty applies also to that determination that I will stick to it - never mind how difficult it may be - but I want to find out once and for all. This of course has to be a true scientific attitude. That is, I cannot be diverted by doing things halfway and in a haphazard or a sloppy manner. It requires that I am serious enough to want to do a certain thing right, and then I am entitled to know what is right.

When I discover that I am not always the same, I think it would be intriguing to find out, in the first place, why; and in the second place, how is it that at times I believe that I am always the same. What is this particular kind of trick in my mind that will not enable me to see everything belonging to myself at the same time, that is, that I see all of me at the same time? And that that sometimes is quite true when someone from the outside looks at me and sometimes will tell me the truth, because they mean well, and even are most likely a little prejudicial, that, at the same time, if they really intend to do the right thing for me, I may believe them instead of questioning and having an argument about it. But all of this means that there may be something in someone else, someone who is a friend of mine, who means well with me, that they can see a little bit more than I can see myself.

Work on myself now begins with understanding what someone else might mean when they express an opinion, and to question that within oneself to see if that is the truth, or perhaps closer to it, or perhaps something that I have not seen myself before. I say it is only a starting point. I use people then for the purpose of my own self-education. And as yet it is not really something that I do to myself. And Work on myself means I have to become an object for that kind of scientific research. What I take from what other people might say or think, and if I can believe them, is that they could be a little bit more objective in the real sense of the word, because they are not me. They are not closely associated with me. But I, when I become associated with that what I think or feel, am usually affected by the feeling I have of myself as I hope I am or believe I am. Very often it is not based on any intellectual statement. But it is based on something that I love myself, and that I don't want anyone to intrude on it. When I think for myself that I am not so good or whatever the judgment is, I have a notion in my mind that that what I am seeing ought to be judged and classified and put in a certain place. This is what I have been trained to do. And I don't think that there is any way out of it than only to accept such a fact of how a mind and a little feeling work together, and that particularly when they are represented both in a physical behavior form, that then I will have a judgment about that kind of manifestation.

For this you must understand that we assume of course that man is made up of three different brains, I said a little while ago, of which the feeling center and the mental center - those are the two brains that really count - are of course the instigating factors of my physical behavior. And that there is something in my physical body which is alive because of its own blood circulation and breathing, and that sometimes it expresses itself in its own way without my particular feeling or mind entering. But I think that in general that kind of solely physical behavior is very very small compared to the influence of either feeling or mind on my body, to have to feel something and express it - that is, actually having an expression of my physical body as a result of a feeling, or to express it in some manifestation or other as a result of a thought. Sometimes feeling and thought go together. That is, sometimes they are united in a complete agreement, but very often they are not united at all, because they oppose each other, and that my poor body really doesn't know what to do because the feeling says one thing and my mind says another.

If I look at people who tell me what I really am, and I compare it now with what I really know myself, I also know that usually that what I have, as a certain information and data which I gather by means of being alert, has to do with what has been lodged in me and has now become memory. For the time being I will leave it for what it is. There are requirements in which I can only reach absolute truth when I live a moment without a thought or a feeling, without a memory, without anticipation, without classification, without a like, or without a dislike. But, as you know, these concepts are very difficult to come by, and before I even understand them, it is still quite a distance before I have an experience.

So now what will I do? My alertness has given me data about myself. Talking and listening to other people have given me another set of data. And now I have to digest it. And the digestion now takes the form of what is called Observation. Naturally in the end I hope to become objective. It is a little different way of saying that that what I have now as a mental functioning is not sufficiently conscious, or even I would dare to say, it is unconscious compared to a state of Self-consciousness. So when I say, I wish to Work on myself, it is still the state of unconsciousness. And from the standpoint of Gurdjieff, each human being is unconscious. And that particular state is called a waking-sleeping state. And in that case, a state of Self-consciousness would be a real awakened state. Now what it means is, when I experience an awakening, I have something that I do not experience in ordinary life, than only accidentally

when it happens to come, and that then I realize that I exist. There was something then that registered that existence. Then, in my memory going over that kind of experience, if I remember it well enough, and usually when it is an experience that has affected me or has shocked me into the fact of existing, that then I will recall that there was nothing of my mind or my feeling functioning at that time, that it was a pure statement of an existing, something which of course afterwards I define as myself. I say then - I have had a lasting experience; I have experienced something that I will never forget. Now in how far this would be real objectivity depends entirely how deep the experience went, and sometimes, how long it lasts. But the lasting effect must not be mixed up with what I remember afterwards. It is something that takes place at a moment, and when that moment is gone, usually that shock has gone, although the aftereffects of course remain, and they look very much as though they are still the same as the shock itself. Well, whatever that particular mechanism is, it is difficult to talk about it now.

But again I come back now to that what I call a first step of observing. Observing oneself. This is the beginning of Work. You see, it is analogous to what is also called Self-remembering. But this Self again is a different kind of self, because when I remember, I remember something of the past as something that has existed, and when I say Self-remembering, I remember a Self that does not exist at the present time - otherwise I would call it self-existence. So you must not mix these particular things up. That Self that is remembered, and that might then engage 'I' into a work of Self-observation, simply means that at the time when I was young I was in a different kind of self-state. And that that what existed when I was very small and uninhibited like a child, without being as yet spoiled, or a child after it just had been born just was functioning by taking in impressions without having as yet any material to classify it. A child which has not as yet been educated and surely not as yet exposed to too many influences from father or mother or others. That child then had a Self which at that time was conscious, and that only later it gets spoiled, maybe within the next three or four months after birth. This cannot be helped because we cannot know. As parents we usually don't know, and there is a constant influence of earth and the breathing in of air which, you might say, is already contaminated by our own presence on earth. And that the very fact of a child being born on earth is rather unfortunate, because the earth is not very helpful for that child, and for anyone else living later on, really to bring it to its senses and to help remind its proper Self the way it used to be.

When I say 'I Self-remember', I try now by means of a certain method to bring back what I

really was, as if that what I have been was a state of consciousness which is desirable for me at the present time when I am unconscious. And that in the process of education, and that gradually living and measuring up to the conditions of earth and the way I have to live and sometimes am forced to live, and the way I have developed, and the way I now must think or feel - perhaps with a few of us a little freer and perhaps a little bit less influenced by the bon-ton of ordinary society - nevertheless, all of us are sacrificed on that particular altar of education. We can't help it, and we many times either follow the line of least resistance, or we rebel a little bit, and after some time we give in, because no one really dares to stand too long alone.

So whatever it is that we now call a general sociological conditioning, and whatever may have lasted for quite some time, at what age one starts to realize this, and also how intense it has been - it depends entirely on the kind of experiences that I have had. But, nevertheless, there is a certain moment at which I come to the recognition that that what I used to be, from the standpoint of reality, was really worth more. And it is that what I mean by Self-remembering. Self-observation is that what I now call Work on myself. It means the observing of myself as I am. True observation in this sense must lead to an Absolute Truth. The truth on which I can base certain things of myself, and expecting then that this Self that I now observe could, under the influence of some sort of a process like this, grow into a real Self with a capital S, and that I use the steps of observing simply in order to shorten the process which otherwise might take place in ordinary life, provided I lived long enough.

There are two reasons for that. When man is on earth, he becomes subject to the laws of earth. He can't help that, because he cannot get away from earth. There is a law of gravity, physically speaking. There is an atmosphere which he breathes in, and his ordinary self becomes part of the atmosphere around him, surrounding him like an aura, practically. And also that what he really should become in ordinary life needs a certain time length to accomplish it. So then earth, as a body in the Universe and belonging to the Solar System, has also a certain task to fulfill, since nothing is at a standstill in this universal existence. There has to be a certain movement of earth in one direction or in another. We call this simply the involutionary and evolutionary processes.

The earth as a whole is subject to an evolutionary process, meaning by that, that it could grow out into another kind of a body at a different kind of place in the scale and more, in relation to the Sun, what it should be, as compared to what it is only at the present time and where it

happens to be, and encumbered by a quantity of material which we call mankind. It is difficult to accept and understand these conditions. We talk about conditions of earth and conditions of man; we even say that each person is conditioned in one way or another, and what we mean is simply to describe the state in which he is. Most likely the earth is conditioned by the place in our Solar System where it is, and such conditioning affects man who lives on this earth in the same way as an earth influences or has influence on Mother Nature.

And then in thinking about the place of earth in our Solar System, and our Solar System as a place somewhere on a Cosmic Ray as coming from the Sun-Absolute, where is the place of man and what is his world? Are there as many worlds as there are men? And what could be Infinity for him? And that as a result of this condition, and for whatever reason that may have been so-called created, a result of an involutionary process indicating the growth then, upon a cosmological scale of that what we now call the Universe as a whole, and of which the Sun-Absolute may be the origin, and that every phenomena which exists and which we now recognize as heavenly bodies - bodies in space, planets or suns or milky ways, or whatever it is - is singled out when we consider ourselves as living on earth, as part of what is called a Cosmic Ray coming from the Sun-Absolute. This Sun-Absolute, if I conceive it with my mind, must be something like a point from which different radii are proceeding into space; there must be - of course again my mind will not admit that there is only one - there have to be thousands and thousands, many more than I can actually fathom or even what I could conceive of. It is such a problem, of what is like a point, exactly the same kind of problem of all the disputes about how many angels could there be on the top of a pin.

So, leaving this particular problem alone for those who want to philosophize about it - because it doesn't help me at all if I know that there are other Cosmic Rays. I am interested in this one, on which I am, as part of organic kingdom on earth. And that what is now my body is the kind of thing that is of course prime interest to me, because if I do believe that there is a possibility of earth developing, that is, going evolutionarily towards the Sun and towards the Sun-Absolute, then also that what is taking place on earth on the lower side, going to, if you wish, the Negative Absolute, would reach a state of Moon, would reach a state of Anulios, which is an assumption to some extent; but it is not an assumption when one starts to understand the microcosmos of oneself, being exactly in the same kind of a principle, and the arrangements for oneself, as the macrocosmos represents on a more cosmic scale.

The reason that there is a twofold possibility is that the earth as such would reach a higher level of development, and that then, as a logical result, everything on it belonging to earth would reach that development. The development of that kind of course has to do with a Cosmic Ray as such. If it is involution, it is growing - the growing end of this particular Cosmic Ray of which the earth is part, ends for us in the Moon and in Anulios. They are, for us, at a lower state of development. But when because of involution, that is, the direction away from the Positive Absolute, some other body might be formed on the other side of Anulios, then it is quite logical to see that Anulios becomes number two, and that the Moon becomes number three, and that logically the earth would become number four. So the earth would move up one place from three to four, and then simply because of the involutionary process, an evolutionary process would have to take place. This is, of course, completely in agreement with the idea that everything is in balance and that whatever goes up must come down, and that whatever goes left also goes to the right; and that seen from the standpoint of an objective value, that each person is in his own existence also subject to these two kind of forces.

So that the discovery of one's observation of oneself has to include that what I am now subject to. That is, what is it in me that manifests in a certain way? And I now, again trying to understand it a little bit better, I compare my human body with earth, as if for me the physical existence is that what is the world for me, as represented by the totality of all manifestations of which I am capable. And that the process of observing this, as a human body and now becoming the earth, would presuppose that I look at it from a standpoint outside of myself. Allegorically, this is the meaning of the erection of an observatory on the planet Mars, where Beelzebub observes that what takes place on the surface of the earth; and that the process which is illustrated by that, when I say I want to Work on myself, is very similar in principle. That is, the observation has to take place from a certain place outside of my physical body - as if it is outside; I say sometimes a planetary level, because by that I mean that it has to be in an emotional state, as represented by that what is now a planet.

You see, in short, that what is again by comparison what I call emotional states of myself are my planetary existences. And what I call the Sun for myself, in our Solar System, becomes my mind in the system of what I call my own world. So that when I wish now to observe, I have to be as if on a planet Mars, not on any other planet. The planet Mars means that that what I am now, emotionally, is interested fervently in that what is taking place on earth, and I am

emotionally in that kind of condition, as if I am at the boiling point. This is the state of Mars in which I am ready to fight - all equipped - but not as yet fighting because I am still observing. And that what is represented by Beelzebub is again the relationship towards Hassein - Hassein being again for him a certain feeling center wishing to grow - that Hassein represents in me that what wishes to grow as an emotional body. And that that what is Beelzebub, observing that what is taking place on the planet Earth, communicates to Hassein the different experiences that he has had as a brain observing that what is taking place on Earth - this brain becoming interested in the manifestations of the physical body. And that the descent to Earth indicates that, every once in a while, it is necessary for the mind to come down, as it were, to descend to Earth; and to live with Earth and what is happening on Earth as if it is present to that.

I think it is time now that we, ourselves, come down to Earth and - as Gurdjieff would say - that we change the flow of thought and go in a different direction. I am so afraid that many times we run the risk of becoming too intellectual in wanting to describe things and making further explanations, which all are useful but not very appropriate when one becomes too much involved in it. As a matter of fact, theoretical knowledge is only useful up to a certain point. And when that point is reached and the mind, as it were, is filled with ideas, it becomes necessary to empty the mind of what then has been received as knowledge, and to try to put into practice what one then knows, in order to gain further understanding of what Work really means.

In the process of the acquisition of knowledge by the mind, there is of course a chance that the mind becomes too filled with facts and, unless it is emptied - and it can only be emptied by the utilization of such facts in an application of a certain kind - I'm afraid that the mind then would rebel; or rather will not function properly anymore. If the knowledge has been translated into a form of understanding, then the mind is free again; and also in the process of application, the mind has a chance not only to recuperate but, because of the increased understanding, to become a different kind of a mind which then can contain more facts and this time, of a different nature. Because the facts then are not theoretical - they are based on the application and the practicability of Work. And the change which then can take place in the mind, will be helpful for the mind to continue in its function in reality as a mind should function, constantly acquiring new knowledge, and using it for one's daily life.

When I use the word understanding, I really mean by that experience, because when I have knowledge in my mind it can help me to do something with it. And even in ordinary life I would

consider it a question of the acquisition of dexterity, or an increased possibility of becoming more open regarding emotional influences; or also at the same time, that it might help me, in my mind, to clarify that what is already there. The utilization of the mind for that purpose, in thinking, and the body itself, of wanting to become dexterous, or even the involvement which one would experience as a result of a feeling - all are useful for a man to grow up and become more mature. And naturally we base that then on a totality of an experience which has been meaningful for any person who happens to live his life on Earth,

What we try to do is to get an experience of a different kind which will help not only the mind to become clear, but also will create in my own personality the possibility of something to become aware of the growth of that what should grow out, and which we call one's inner life. But it is very necessary that what I do use as a fact, and then in wishing to apply it can lead to an understanding, is simply that I must be sure that the fact itself is understood, and that there is no further question about defining certain words I use.

When I read ALL AND EVERYTHING and I try to understand its meaning and really let penetrate the different sayings and the thoughts, and meditate about it, or pondering about the kind of ideas which seem to have value for me, I can come again to a certain point of that kind of knowledge. But it will not change me very much, than only that the mind becomes more facile and will in time of course be able to be more useful to me. But the purpose of Work is that I change as a human being; that is, that what I have as a personality will be used for the purpose of growing up. And this growing up has to be based on an experience of the facts which I accumulate in my mind, or the impressions I receive in my solar plexus and ultimately, I hope, in my heart.

It is obvious that when I want to communicate ideas or talk about them, that I will have to make use of my mind and the formulation in words. It would be very nice if I could use another form of communication as, for instance, my appearance, or postures, or general forms of behavior. And sometimes, when one is able to read such attitudes on the part of another person, it can become very interesting to see what perhaps is meant, and that a silence can sometimes be used for the purpose of communicating something that cannot be expressed in words, but nevertheless is important. And the general attitude of a person in his behavior in ordinary life should represent, of course, that what he is as a personality, and sometimes a personality expressing itself quite superficially in certain movements or gestures; and sometimes as if, by

frowning one's forehead, there seem to be a great number of so-called deep thoughts which engage one, and then can make the impression that one wants to say certain things but cannot say them in the ordinary way, and that words cannot be found.

This kind of communication would be possible when people have grown up sufficiently to be different from the usual run of behavior forms as a personality. And when then a person having an inner life, and being able to acquire a certain language which does not need a word for an expression, that then I think a person could really be very useful for others. But many times, even when it is tried, it is not understood and one feels, almost immediately, the necessity of explaining one's actions. It is for that reason that we have to come to a conclusion regarding the usage of certain words, in connection with a description of Work, so that each person can understand that language in its simplicity. If this understanding is reached, there need not be too many arguments about what is meant by the word itself. And that even with the clarity in my mind, being able to understand Work, that Work itself has not as yet begun until the words have been translated into a kind of activity, or a certain growth.

Altogether we are much too much prone to take certain words that we read or hear, and reading ALL AND EVERYTHING or listening to tapes, it is apparently very difficult to take out of it that what could become a grammar for oneself, in an understanding of what is meant by Work on oneself. And it is for that reason that I would like to explain that a little further.

For instance, we use the word self-observation so often. We skirmish around with that - sometimes connecting it with a new word which we call an awareness - without understanding the meaning of such words. I will admit that many times the words that we do use are not very clear; and the reason why Gurdjieff has used many new words, is that he wanted to make sure that there is no connotation or association connected with them. And he himself feels it necessary, every once in a while, to explain a word in our ordinary terminology and then saying, "as the beings on Earth would say..." and then use the word that is understandable for us at this particular level of our life.

Gradually, the vocabulary of what one should use for Work, the terminology, the way by which certain concepts can be represented by a certain word, which is understandable then in an objective sense by everybody, will be quite useful for the continuation of Work on oneself.

I believe that before we go too far in trying to define certain terms, that it will be worthwhile to think a little bit about what is the attitude for a person who wants to Work, or who

has heard about Work and what he really should do, or what are certain particular requirements. And I was reminded of a recent meeting we had here, and I would like to quote from that - more or less in detail - the first part of that meeting, which is a development of an idea of what is needed in an unconscious state to try to understand the necessity of Work on oneself. So, this is what I then said:

So, what will I tell you about the new year? One of the first things in the new year, as you know, an important date - the thirteenth of this month - Gurdjieff's birthday. That's by our calendar; by the Russian calendar it is the first of the year - that was his birthday. We always celebrated by remembering, sometimes in gratitude, sometimes not knowing what we really celebrated. On that day - it is Thursday of this coming week - I would like to have a meeting. I hope that Ron doesn't mind that we use that evening for that purpose; and we will have it at the Barn. No particular arrangements - we just have a meeting - maybe some questions if you like. A meeting for simplicity of description of Work.

Tonight I want to talk about description of ordinary, unconscious life, and then next Thursday we talk about Work in life. Because you must understand your unconscious state, particularly when you want to talk about Work. You must remember that when you answer or even when you think, even when you ask a question, you are unconscious. You must not forget that we are not conscious people. We aspire towards Consciousness, we wish to become a man, we are not yet. The road is very long, as we must know, but we get lost in big words and concepts.

I would like, every once in a while, to simplify the concepts which belong to Work, in our terminology; and I've started to describe certain terms - I think I've mentioned it before that you could use it as a little encyclopedia to settle questions among yourselves, so that at least you have my definition. I do not guarantee the definition. I'm only saying what I think, sometimes what I feel, sometimes what I have experienced. And on that kind of a basis of what is truth for myself, I like to formulate what I think might be useful, hoping that when it is useful to you, that you can mind it. I mean by that, of course, that you can agree with it and then use it in the right way, so that there should not be too much misunderstanding about the use of such words for a very definite reason, and meaning by that the same kind of a concept, so that then our time can be spent on the utilization of such concepts in the practicability - or the applicability - in our life, and then you can talk about your experiences when you don't have to talk anymore about that

what is this or that.

The arguments about that and the following criticisms, many times about everybody, all of us, trying to define and getting stuck and not being clear, I think could be eliminated if you would sometimes read, listen, let it sink in, really penetrate, really try to make it your own. So that then you are familiar with such terminology of Gurdjieff's ideas, as based on ALL AND EVERYTHING, in a certain way of course, expressed also by Gurdjieff. And in a certain way translated into English, for our benefit, which may not sometimes be entirely what was meant when he wrote it in Russian, and that the translation may at times not have been exact or completely accurate. And that here and there in putting it into English, it may not have been exact in a certain way, as Gurdjieff would want it to be presented. But I think you also must know that Gurdjieff has listened to everything that was then available before his death. His whole book was written, and for several years before we had been reading manuscripts; and Gurdjieff has changed, every once in a while, and sat and listened to the English language into which it had been translated by some good people - sometimes via the German edition, sometimes via the French, sometimes edited by literary people who did know languages. And when Gurdjieff discovered that certain things were not in accordance with what he would call a root language, it was corrected. And then Gurdjieff, for himself, quite definitely insisted that that what finally was published, was published in the way he believed it conveyed concepts which were truthful in accordance with a description of esoteric knowledge. And that he, being critical himself about what he had written, and having heard it read many, many times, ad infinitum - even that we got a little worried about the monotony of it - that he has rewritten several chapters and extended them. Several times I've mentioned to you that that what is published as the printed edition, I call the Fourth Edition of ALL AND EVERYTHING as written by Gurdjieff originally.

So, I feel this: if we stay close to what is in ALL AND EVERYTHING, we cannot go very far wrong. I do believe that if we do go wrong, then we must find it out with our own experience. And it is exactly that I want to talk about: What is your experience with Work? And how do you really approach it? What is the basis for yourself? What do you think is a necessity?

I'm so convinced that the necessity for every one of us is to have a certain amount of knowledge of ourselves, to start with. This presupposes that the person, before he even could

become interested in the ideas of Gurdjieff, which are rather difficult sometimes to apply, that he already should have a certain knowledge of himself which he has acquired in his life, and based on his own experiences; and which, when he is serious, he has considered. And he has to come to certain conclusions about his experiences, and his thoughts and his feelings. And every once in a while he must have come to a difficult problem that he could not solve; and every once in a while he must have seen himself in retrospect. And he must also, at times, have criticized himself and called himself, sometimes, maybe even a stupid fool; or a nincompoop; or an uncontrolled kind of a creature; or a person who just happened to talk and talked too much, or sometimes too soon. Or, several times maybe that he was hypocritical and was lying to himself or to others; that he was a person with fear, many times not enough strength to say what he really meant - fearful that someone else would attack him and criticize him, or putting him up in front of someone else and laugh at him. And I talk now about that form of unconsciousness, that requirement which is necessary for anyone when he becomes interested in Work.

And that many times it is really not so essential to start talking immediately about what is Work, because there is not enough foundation to place it on. And what is the aim even with wishing to Work, is to build something or create something that doesn't exist, for a purpose: for a purpose of furnishing a building, or some shelter, or a palace for his own life, after he dies. Because we know that during this lifetime, the body is sufficient for housing life and we only fear that when we do die that we really don't know what's going to happen to us. And although we have belief that life is eternal, even to some extent an assurance based partly on certain experiences which one will not forget easily and sometimes never will forget, which establish within oneself a very definite knowledge - unshakable - about that what is oneself or what life must be as contrasted with the death of a body; that there must be, in this life as we now look at it and we experience it also, certain things that I would like to call eternal, or at least having the semblance of that kind of freedom from dimensions or dimensionality.

And that, for me, when I say I want to become interested in Gurdjieff, and please tell me something about what is Work, the first question is: how serious are you about your life as you now know it? Because Gurdjieff and the ideas and the concepts are definitely not superficial. And if a person is not really interested in himself - and aside from having questions and certain problems he cannot answer and that he is up against it - the necessity first has to be that whenever anything is told to him about Work, that he will seriously follow the prescriptions

which are inherent in Work; which means that I take such concepts to my mind for clarity, and to my heart for the possibility of the creation of a wish to do something with them. And that my wish is not enough in my seriousness to be affected by the ideas of infinity or the hereafter, or the Law of Seven. But that always something else has to be added, and that we always must call the creation of something not now existing, but which I wish to exist because it is the only means by which I could pull myself up by my own bootstraps.

In the discussion of Work, I have to introduce constantly the concept of an 'I' and the necessity of a creation of that kind of objective faculty. And that whenever an answer is given and it is forgotten, or not mentioned, you are not mentioning Work in its totality. And how can a person who is a little superficial, receive that kind of information? Because he will ask, in the first place; why should I create something different? And why should it have certain qualities? And why should I be even interested in Objectivity when, in my life, I have this and I have that? And the answer is always: what are you or what do you think you are? You have a personality, you live with it day in, day out. You think and you feel, you believe you can accomplish certain things and you do it in ordinary life, reaching certain states of development which either are remunerative or are satisfying. But is this kind of a progress a real progress or is your progress already stunted? And does it amount to a great deal if you think, when in reality you become repetitious?

Has a person thought about himself in that way, that he really is stuck? You see, it is not only the seriousness that will bring him to it, but it is a study of himself as he behaves, and as he sees himself act, and as he is quite well aware - and I use this word now advisedly - of his thought. So that, once and for all, he sees himself as his thoughts actually are, not saying that his thoughts are right, but that he is a thinking person, that he is a talking person, that he is a person with rationale, that he rationalizes and has associations, that he is a person where his feeling constantly intrudes into his mind, where he at times cannot think straight or cannot remain logical, or where he becomes confused. And when he wishes even for clarity, there is no way out because he does not know where to begin, when everything is a little bit chaotic, or sometimes too much chaotic.

One talks to people on their level first. Again and again I say, when you answer you must know where the person is living. And that level of that kind of being has to be recognized by yourself. In exactly the same way as when you read, and the sentences are difficult and there are

concepts and ideas which are not familiar, and which perhaps at that time you cannot as yet digest, you start with lowering yourself, as much as you can, to the level of that what you can understand. I say lowering yourself because apparently that what you are reading is too high for you. You cannot reach up to that height because you have constated to yourself that they were too difficult and too high, so you have to find the level of yourself which is lower than that what is written about. And then you try to extract, from that what is there in the book, what is of your level so that then you can understand that. And with that kind of understanding you can then, when it is necessary, apply what is being suggested; or you can elucidate your mind with the thought, when it has that kind of clarity.

I say the purpose of talking about Work is first to know, when a question is asked, where the question comes from - I say from what kind of a level of being. And recognizing that level perhaps as an experience of your own, you must start from that level. Now it is obvious that when a person enters Work, becomes interested and has a little knowledge of himself, he knows a little bit his way about - maybe in some literature, maybe in some experiences of himself in his life - that then you can expect that he will listen intelligently about what you are saying, when that what you are saying can be understood by him. But when you start talking about Work in its - I call it now - full dimensions, and start to talk about, not only self-observation, but already introduce impartiality - sometimes you go as far as simultaneity, sometimes you talk even about efforts, or sometimes perhaps even Consciousness - and you talk completely around the person, or past him. Because he is not adjusted as yet to that language, and let alone even he cannot be interested in your experience of more or less recent dates.

I've said many times that, over the period of many years now, we have talked about Work to different people as far as I am concerned, because naturally groups change and people leave, even if sometimes they might come back. The scenery changes, the questions remain the same for those who come. And the questions that were asked ten or fifteen years ago are the same kind of questions that are now being asked by people who - let's say - just now enter into the realm of Gurdjieff. And many times I've told you that there is a sequence of a certain logical development of these ideas in the tapes we have had and which now exist. And that in the beginning I insisted trying to remain exact in language, and more or less intellectually for clarity's sake, for an understanding of concepts and what was meant, and talking about principles without the fringes being cluttered up by all kind of embellishments. It was, almost I would say,

halfway in that particular period when I started to introduce emotional qualities because I did not, in the beginning, want to create confusion; and it started at the time with the Reed College tape, several years ago. And from that time on, the meetings have become more deep in perspective, and much more involved, as it were, in descriptions of ordinary life in which Work could be applied, and if applied, what one could expect. But it is not right that you take such statements of the last couple of years, and talk about them to other people who cannot - and I assure you - cannot possibly understand them; and you're not answering their questions.

What is necessary? First, I say, the understanding of ordinary life. On that kind of a ground you should be able to meet anybody. You should be able to recognize the talk-talk and nonsense talk. You should know already, by the smell, when certain things are said in order to appear a different way from what they actually are. You ought to be able to understand that there is a difference between words and content, or words as expressed and essential quality, or words as talked about and the silence of a man when he is by himself; that a man is different when he is in the presence of others, as compared to what he is when he is all by himself - sometimes in his inner chamber, considering himself and his life, and coming down to brass tacks and perfectly willing then to say what he really thinks about himself, because no one will hear it and he need not have any fear.

This is what I mean by hypocritical behavior forms: to appear better than what you are; to try to tell people about experiences which are not as yet your own, because you have forgotten the simplicity of Work. And when you do not remember it and don't refer to it, you are not answering the questions of people who are still at a very simple level. It may not be very nice for you to do that because it means repetition after repetition. But I would almost say there is no tape or no meeting that I have held that I have not mentioned Work in some way or other in simple descriptions, and thousands of times I have used the similar words in perhaps different connections, in order to illustrate what was really meant by Work. You should take and adopt that attitude a little bit.

You should consider yourself, in an unconscious state, how you are, and how, when you now wish to introduce the acceptance of yourself, that you must know how extremely difficult it is to accept yourself for what you are. Because that what is your mind does not want to give up the rationalization process - it is conditioned that way, to justify your behavior when you are clever in finding words enough to express what it is, so that you can get away with it. Or that

when you are talking to your own conscience, you put a little water in the wine there also, and you try to excuse yourself in the presence of God. It is as if you want to tell Him that really it is not as bad as He might think; you want to take the wind out of the sail of God so that He cannot accuse you, that you are just a little ahead of Him in saying already, "but I am a sinner." And God knowing that you are and knowing that you don't mean it. All He does is to look at you and simply says to Himself, "That fellow has to grow up a great deal before I even wish to talk to him."

I talk about that kind of seriousness; I talk about consideration of yourself, as you know you are in reality, even if it is not entirely impartial. Impartiality becomes introduced by two means; one is by a wish to create something that could function in an impartial manner; the other is created by the constant repetition of that what is your behavior, so that such behavior has become a habit in which then your mind does not play a part and then cannot excuse it, or need not rationalize. But then, as a habit, a behavior form, a way of behaving with your body, habitual also in the way your mind thinks, and the way you feel - but stay for the time being with your body only. What are your mannerisms? I've asked sometimes, what manner of man are you?

I will stop now quoting from that meeting because I think enough is said to illustrate that whenever one wants to be open to either listening, or doing Work, or even when one is interested in trying to find out what are correct definitions, that one should not have any prejudices.

Many times, we think that we do know already what is meant by observation and all the different words we use for Work. But try now not to have any idea of what is meant, and then we can start talking about it.

It is obvious that when I wish to become acquainted with myself, in the true sense of the word, that my mind is not helpful than only to give an accumulation of ideas or facts which have happened. I'm not quite sure that when I think about it afterwards that it is actually the way I think, and my mind, being so used to associate with thoughts which are already there, is not reliable enough. So that, because of associations, the truth may not be what I really think, or rather in my thinking there is not enough truth as compared to that what is the actuality of the experience. And it is unfortunate that my mind has been educated that way, and that for some reason or other, I have allowed it to become cluttered up many times, and not functioning any

longer as a real mind should function.

You must realize that I'm not critical about my mind or its mental functioning. I only deplore the fact that the mind operates only as an unconscious instrument. And I do not put any particular blame on my mind. I'm sorry, by just wishing the mind to be different, it cannot change. It may be, for a long time, that I believe that I can improve my mind, and to a certain extent of course I can, trying to understand how it happens to think; and also to realize gradually that the mind functions by associations, and that the mind always records a fact a little later than when it actually has happened. I can say that these are limitations of my mind, and also I could understand that such limitations are imposed on it for the purpose of a man who happens to live on Earth, and because of the conditions of the Earth itself, or man and his own personal nature, that it is impossible to expect it, or even to hope for it to be different. I do not know if it is easy to accept that kind of a condition as - you might call it - a limited mind. But this is based on the experience of oneself, and the question of one's own seriousness and willingness to understand facts as they are, as well as one can. Obviously, there is one reason, one way out: that is, that the mind could change. But how can I, when I keep on thinking about my mind, and in an unconscious state use mental processes which I call a thought, how can such a thought have enough influence on the rest of my mind that it will change? Because the thought is unconsciously of an equal value to different other kinds of thoughts of the mind, and the objections in the mind to change simply because some part of me wishes it to change.

The way out must be that, for some reason or other, a condition has to be found that, in the presence of that condition or under the influence of that condition and the forces created by such a condition, that the mind then, as it were, because of such an unusual thought or thinking process or an unusual mental process, will be influenced enough so that it will change on its own accord. It is really as if something of a different value is placed next to my mental processes, and that gradually there is an acknowledgment that this something which is new, and which is different, that it also is of more value. And my search for this kind of possibility of influencing my mind in the right way is really what we call the search for Work. Judging by the subjectivity of the mind, it is also logical to assume that only something which is non-subjective, can affect my mind in the right way.

Therefore, if the idea of an observation process is mentioned, it always has to be mentioned in connection with a kind of an entity existing which then can observe from that standpoint of the

entity only, and becomes acquainted with myself, as I am, as a personality. That is, my personality is still the result of three different kind of functionings in myself of which the mental functions are one, my feelings are the second, and the existence of my physical body is the third.

So, observation of oneself has to do with a process which starts from an entity - sometimes called by us an objective faculty - and observing from that standpoint that what takes place as activity of myself. That what keeps the observation pure is what I want to have this entity observe, is myself as I really am. And I can only come to the conclusion that that what is the reality of myself is my life within myself, and not the form it has taken on, on this Earth. At the same time, I want to give the opportunity to this entity to function as well as it can under conditions which remain simple, and using for an object of observation some kind of activity of myself, which also is simple and not influenced too much by my feeling or my thought.

The process of observing myself has to be clear and pure so that such a process of a mental nature, when I talk about observing or the process of the presence of something present to me - which one might consider an emotional quality existing, as if outside of myself, and then becoming aware of me - always must be there before any kind of facts can be obtained which are more truthful. Many times it is forgotten that the observation process requires the existence of an objective faculty first. And then the activity of that faculty, in an observation process, produces facts of my existence, and to purify such facts I come to the conclusion that they will be most pure when this observation includes the fact of my life existing within me.

When we now choose, in order to simplify this kind of a process, that this objective faculty becomes observant of myself, and I then choose the behavior form of my physical body, it does not exclude the possibility of, afterwards, becoming aware of the existence of my feeling, or of my mental processes. Observation of this kind creates, in this objective faculty - which I now will call the beginning of a little 'I' - a certain condition which we describe by the word awareness.

By awareness is meant a kind of mental process which is pure thought, but the purity of the thought cannot exist in my mind as my mind is at the present time. It can only exist in the objective faculty or the little 'I', and for that reason I use a different word: awareness, instead of thinking about myself, The word awareness also includes the necessity of realizing that this process of awareness has to be simultaneous with the existence of myself as an action takes place. In that way I become free, in this awareness process, of a time element, so that when there

is simultaneity in this observation process and expressed in the awareness of the little 'I', there is no chance for any interpretation. And the time which otherwise is needed in any kind of an unconscious process of relating that what exists even of myself and ending up in the thought about myself - that time which is required for that purpose is eliminated and the awareness becomes then a timelessness. Or the way that we explain it is that the time which is then used up becomes, for the awareness process, the existence of a moment.

Obviously, it would be helpful to continue such a moment, and it is difficult to understand that the moment itself is free from time. Because if I say that I want it to continue I again go back to my thought process of a dimension of time, that in time, as continuing, a moment also will continue to exist.

These definitions are difficult to understand and it is better not to dwell too much on it, because the continuation of a moment of awareness is, in itself, an awareness of the awareness - and I only use that word when it is so-called continued to indicate a state of the little 'I' which then is awakened. And the awakening process means that the awareness is there for a certain length of time, without violating the requirements of a moment of existence.

The difficulty inherent in this process of self-observation is that the little 'I' does not exist and has to be created. And only when it is created - that is, when it is in existence - that then it can function in an objective sense. The question of the creation of this objective faculty and the resulting little 'I' comes only from a sincere wish to create this 'I'. That in itself is a difficult process to understand. It takes place in one's ordinary mind and in one's ordinary feeling. It is, as it were, a concentration of all kind of forces centered on one idea, in which then the totality of one's personality will be expressed as a sincere wish for such creation. And such a result, which can be obtained when little 'I' exists and having an awareness of myself, can only be judged by the additional accumulation of facts about myself. It is, as it were, when I wish to create this little 'I', that I look at myself in order to obtain the truth of my existence. And that the function of the little 'I' only should be, in observing, the acceptance of myself as I am.

In order to understand this better I would like to say that, for this observation process, in the beginning particularly, the conditions have to be very simple and reduced, as far as my personality is concerned, to a very simple form of existence. So that then when little 'I' is created, it has enough energy to see myself - in that sense as I explained - and if possible, to continue to exist. And realizing then my existence by the acceptance of myself as I am, which

means the acceptance of my life as it then is expressed in my behavior as a personality.

It includes, therefore, two other things which are always connected with the purpose of Work and the creation of a little 'I', for the purpose of helping me obtain truthful data about myself. The first one that is needed, as what I would call an attribute for the necessity of making self-observation pure, is impartiality. It really means that in the mental process I become engaged and I do not wish an interference from any form of feeling. The observation on the part of 'I' can only be pure when there are no preferences. The facts cannot be considered from a standpoint of liking or disliking them. And the same rule applies when I wish to have a recording in 'I' of myself, that then that recording is free from any form of associations, or any way by which such a fact is determined to be this or that. The fact should stay by itself as a fact of existence only. The words we use are impartiality in order to eliminate interference from my emotional center, and simultaneity is used to eliminate interference from my intellect. Simultaneity means that the recording should take place at the moment when the fact actually happens to be, and not allowing any form of thought as anticipation, or as memory, to enter. In general, we simply say we don't want to have any associations with the fact as it is being recorded.

I think it is better to stop here with the description of the definitions, and we will continue with our regular considerations of Work and the application of it in our daily life.